

GUESTS: OF ST: MUNGO

By Hugh Laurence





SAINT MUNGO AND THE HEAVENLY GUESTS

See page 37.

+ GUESTS:OF + SAINT:MUNGO

Or, Days in Old Glasgow

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Blackie & Son Limited
17 Stanhope St: Glasgow
London & Bombay: 1914

PREFACE

“All stones are alike, all stones are precious,” said the fairy Bérylune, “but man sees only a few of them.” In the following pages we have tried to show something of the beauty that memory finds and treasures in the grey stones of every city. The fame of modern Glasgow, with its industry and commerce, has been allowed to overlay the older tradition of St. Mungo’s city, like the soot upon its walls, till many of the rising generation know and reckon nothing of what went before the days of factory and warehouse. It is hoped that these fanciful adventures down the long centuries of a city’s life will do something to awaken in young readers a new sense of the dignity and worth of the civic tradition which they inherit.

“The Living are so stupid when they speak of the Others”—to quote again from the same author. If in the following chapters we have unwittingly offended some worthy citizen of an earlier day, we

beg his pardon. The scheme of the story, and the fact that it is written for children, have entailed the use of greater liberties than are generally allowed to the writer of historical fiction.

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The headings and tailpieces of the following chapters have been drawn by Mr. A. A. Campbell, mostly from old prints of Glasgow. They represent the city as it was in former days, though not always at the dates of the particular stories with which the scenes are here connected.

The design which appears on the opposite page is adapted from the bronze group at the entrance to the Glasgow Art Galleries, Kelvingrove; the central figure is St. Mungo, with Literature on his right hand, and Music on his left.



On Camp Hill

It was Friday evening, and the children of Glasgow had turned out in their thousands to play in the parks. Another week of school was over, and the merry shouts and laughter showed that the children were not sorry to be free.

Nowhere was there more fun and noise than at the pond in the Queen's Park. A light breeze was blowing, and all through this summer evening pretty little ships had been gaily scudding hither and thither across the dancing water.

Many a gallant ship was upset, as some bigger craft with white sails spread came bearing down upon her before the breeze. Many a shout went up from watchers on the bank as their trim little boats met and passed on the high seas.

"Head her off, Annie, or she'll bump the bank!"

This order was sung out across the water by Bobbie Brown, captain of the good ship *Clutha*. He now came running round the end of the pond to where his sister Annie knelt at the edge of the water, waiting to receive the boat. In fine style, with sails jauntily tilted, the *Clutha* swept into port. Annie caught the prow, and was just lifting her, all dripping, on to the bank, when Bobbie came up.

"Well, that was a fine cruise for a finish," he said, rather out of breath.

"Yes," said Annie, as she laid the *Clutha* safely on the ground; "that was the smartest passage she has made to-night. And now for Camp Hill before we go home."

Bobbie picked up the *Clutha*, and together they set out along the path that leads up the hill. The shouts of the merry crowd died away as they left the pond behind, till no sound reached them but the

hum of the busy tramcars as they swung along the street that skirts the park.

"Come on, Annie; I'll race you to the Camp," said Bobbie suddenly, making ready for a sprint to the top of the hill.

"All right," said Annie; "if you'll give me a start. You're taller than I am."

"Indeed I won't," said her brother; "you're eleven and I'm only nine. Besides, I've got to carry the boat."

So without more ado off they set at full speed. Annie made a better start, and kept her lead for fifty yards. But the slope soon told on her, and Bobbie, who had a better wind, pulled level, and then forged ahead. He was leading by ten yards as they reached the group of big stones that marks the Camp, when his foot caught and down he came, boat and all.

"What a cropper!" cried Annie, between her breaths. "Hurt at all?"

"Oh, not much!" he said, ruefully picking himself up. "To think that little stone should have tripped me up!" He stooped to lift it. "But I say, Annie, it's not a stone. Look here."

Together they bent over it, poking away the earth to see it better.

"It looks like earthenware," said Annie. "See, it is scored with lines. Oh!" and she jumped back. "What was that?"

"Didn't you tap it?" said Bobbie.

"No; the sound came from inside."

"Perhaps it's cracked. Let's have a look," said Bobbie as he stooped over it again. "No, there's no crack. I say, it looks like a bowl or a jar, and a queer one too! Hush!" he said with a start, as a low rap sounded from the inside; "there it was again."

Boy and girl were silent for a moment, while Annie's blue eyes opened to their widest and her sunny face wore a look that was half-puzzled, half-scared.

"I know what it is!" cried Bobbie at last; "there's a rat inside. Come on. What fun! Let's dig it out."

"Dig it out yourself, if you like," said Annie, with a shiver. "I don't want to touch the horrid thing;" and she stepped up on to one of the big stones to watch what might happen.

Picking up a sharp stone, Bobbie began to break up the soil round the sides. Soon the jar was loose enough to be moved, and laying aside the stone Bobbie stood up to take breath.

"Are you ready, Annie?" he said.

"Wait a minute," she said, as she jumped on to a bigger stone. "Now."

Bobbie bent down, and, grasping the jar, carefully raised it at one side.

Something moved inside, and he dropped the jar quickly.

There was a smart rap from the inside.

Bobbie stood up and looked at his sister. "It's not a rat," he said; "but what it is I don't know."

Annie looked all round to see if there was anybody near. But no one was in sight. She was quite scared now. Camp Hill seemed very lonely, and the hum of the distant cars made her long for the friendly streets of Glasgow.

"I don't like this, Bobbie," she said at last. "Let us go home. It must be time for tea."

"Go home! Not likely!" said Bobbie. "I want to see what's inside the jar. I'll lift it right off this time."

Gripping the jar firmly he lifted it clear off, stepping back as he did so.

Bobbie stared at the hole. Annie stared too. Neither made a sound.

In the hole stood a little man. He was not more than six inches high, but his grey beard showed he must be full-grown. He was dressed in green, with a long peaked hat of scarlet on his head, and boots of rough leather that came beyond his knees.

The little man rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and yawned in the funniest way. Then he looked about him and caught sight of Bobbie.

"Hullo, boy!" he said in a little deep voice that could just be heard. "Was it you knocked me up just now?"

Bobbie gave a kind of gulp, but could only stare with wide eyes.

"Don't be afraid," said the little man. "Have you never seen a Brownie before?"

Bobbie shook his head.

"To be sure; it's no wonder. The Brownies are all fast asleep since you mortals forgot about them. The good wife of the hut I lived in long ago never forgot to fill my bowl with milk of a night. And I did good service for it—I brought her luck. Humph! little luck I kept for myself!" and with a laugh he thrust his hands into his pockets.

He looked from one to the other of the children, but as they still said nothing, he went on: "When the old camp here was burned, and there was no one left to care for me, I just curled up in my bowl and went to sleep. By the way, it *was* you who rapped me up, wasn't it?"

"I didn't mean to," Bobbie stammered, turning very red.

"Indeed he didn't," Annie chimed in, for in her eagerness to get her brother out of a scrape she forgot to be afraid. "Bobbie and I were just running a race, when he tripped over your jar. He didn't mean to disturb you, truly."

"Disturb me! not at all," said the Brownie. "It was high time for me to be stirring, for I like to have a look round once in a hundred years or so, just to see what's doing."

"A hundred years!" the children exclaimed in one breath.

"Well, sometimes I take a longer nap," the Brownie explained. "Things are changed since the old days. There's not much use for us Brownies nowadays. People don't want us."

"I do!" said Annie. "I just wish they would come back."

The little man peered up at Annie, as if she were a tree. "Glad to hear it," he said. Then, losing his balance, he sat down on the stone Bobbie had used for digging.

"You see," he went on, "I was the Brownie of the Keltic Camp. When the hill tribes came from the north and broke up the camp, I just went to sleep till the camp was set up again. When I woke up, I was sure to find them there once more."

"But when was that?" said Bobbie, who had by this time found his tongue, and was eager to ask questions.

"Oh, a matter of two thousand years ago!" The little man said it in the most offhand way. Bobbie whistled. Annie's mouth opened, but it was a moment before she could speak.

"What was it like two thousand years ago?" she said at last.

The little man crossed his legs, and, joining his hands over his knee, began to twirl his tiny thumbs.

"I lived in a hut made of branches woven together and smeared with clay. A fire burned in the middle of the earth floor, and the smoke went up through a hole in the roof." He peered up through the branches overhead, as if looking for the old smoke vent. Then his eye fell on the jar which Bobbie was still holding. "The good wife used to leave my bowl of milk standing by the hearth at night for luck. That's the bowl you have in your hand now, boy. In return for her kindness, I would keep the fire burning, to save her lighting it again in the morning; for it was no easy job to light a fire in those days."

"But tell me, what did the man of the house do with himself?" Bobbie asked.

"He went down into the forest to hunt and fish. I used to polish his spear-point or unravel his fishing line while he slept, for it is at night that I do these little things for you mortals. Then he would be up with the sun, and would set off with his boat on his back."

"His boat!" said Bobbie, picking up his own trim little ship, which had all this time lain forgotten in the dust. "How could the man carry his boat on his back?" he asked, as he shook the dust out of the *Clutha's* sails.

"Oh, it wasn't a boat like that one!" said the Brownie. "It was made of basketwork, and not much bigger than the man himself. He used it

when he went fishing in the River Cart down there, below the hill.

"It may be there still for all I know, for he left it behind him on the last day of the camp. Well I remember that day! He came running up the hill with the enemy after him, and there was just time for our men to pull him up over the stake fence before the enemy were upon us."

"What happened then?" both children asked eagerly.

"They made short work of our camp, for we hadn't enough men to hold it. There was no need for me to put wood on the fire that night, for the whole camp was ablaze."

"And did they not build another camp after that?" asked Annie.

"No; that was the last camp on this hill," said the Brownie. He rose from his seat, and, stepping out of the hole, looked sadly round Camp Hill. "I found my bowl among the ashes, and went to sleep as before. But next time I woke up the Romans were in the land, and the Kelts had built their huts on the other side of the Clyde, to be under shelter of the Roman fort."

"What did you do then?" said Annie.

"There was nothing to do, so I just went to sleep again. It has been so ever since, whenever I have come out of my hiding place. Once, to be sure, I did find an army drawn up near the old site.

Some three hundred years ago the Regent Moray was here with his army, waiting to meet Queen Mary's men. But they fought it out down below, in the pass at Langside, and I saw no more of them. Times have changed since I was Brownie of the Camp."

There was silence for a moment, while the children looked with wonder at this little man who had seen so much and slept so long.

"I wish I could wake up now and again in old Glasgow," said Bobbie at last. "It would be such fun to see all the changes."

"Yes, wouldn't it be jolly!" said Annie.

The Brownie looked from one to the other, and his funny brown face puckered into a grin. "Well," he said, "you've done me a good turn in helping me out of my bowl when I was shut in. If you would really like it, I'll wake you up in old Glasgow."

The children exchanged glances. "Do you really mean it? What fun!" they exclaimed. "But—but—how will you do it?" said Bobbie.

"Oh, you leave that to me!" said the little man, with a toss of his head that made his long cap dance like a flag. "We Brownies can do anything we've a mind to do for a mortal who has done us a good turn."

"But will it be safe?" said Annie timidly.

"Oh, safe enough!" said the Brownie. "Of

course you'll have adventures; but don't be afraid. You'll be the guests of Saint Mungo, for this is his city. Besides, I'll see you safely through. They will chatter strange languages, but you will find yourselves answering in their own tongue. Trust a Brownie to make it all right for you! But now, tell me, how is Glasgow getting on? When last I saw it, a hundred years ago, it was spreading out on the south side."

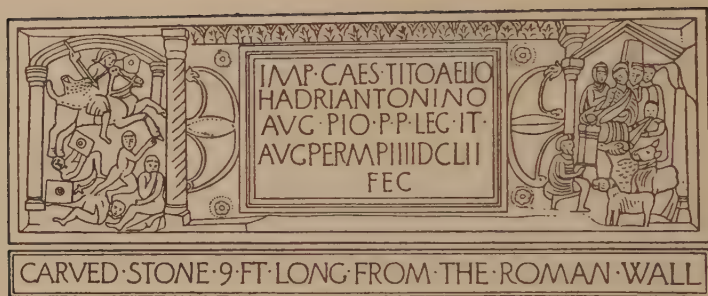
"Why, Glasgow is built all round Camp Hill now," said Bobbie. "Just look;" and he pointed down to the busy crowded streets.

"What!" cried the Brownie in amazement. He climbed on to a stone and looked all round. "Well, I *have* been caught napping. The city is no place for me. I must be off. Goodbye!"

And he jumped off his perch, dodged in and out among the stones, and was gone.

Bobbie and Annie darted after him; but, look where they might, they could find no trace of the Brownie. High and low they hunted for a quarter of an hour, but in vain.

Six o'clock struck, and they turned their faces homewards. What a queer adventure it had been! Had they really seen a Brownie? Would he keep his promise?



The Roman Wall



ET out of that, you young barbarians!"

Bobbie and Annie woke at the words, to find a tall man poking at them with his sandalled foot.

"Get out, you young barbarians!" he repeated. "Do you think I've been shivering on sentry all this fourth watch just to let you young cubs sleep in my cloak? How did you come here?"

The children scrambled to their feet, rubbing their eyes, and looking about them sleepily. Above were the sloping sides of a tent, made of skins of leather roughly sewn together and held up by two posts. The ground was strewn with the skins, and a pile of shields and helmets lay in a corner of the tent.

"Well, young spies," and at the words the children turned, "when you've seen all there is to see,

will you answer my question? How did you come here?"

The speaker was a tall man dressed in dark-blue tunic with short sleeves and short breeches. Over his shoulders and broad chest he wore armour of polished steel, while a short sword hung at his side. He flung down his shield as he spoke, and, lifting off his helmet of leather and brass, showed a face that looked good-natured, though tanned to a deep brown.

"Are you not awake yet? How did you come here?" he said again.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Annie, with a puzzled look that spoke more clearly than words.

The soldier's face broadened into a smile, and then he laughed—a loud, hearty laugh.

"I dare say you've mistaken your home," he said at last. "You'll be from one of the huts beside the fort. We only pitched our tent here last night. Our pack animals were delayed at the fords of Clyde, and we came on to tell the Centurion of the fort. But now be off, your mother will be looking for you."

There was a touch of sadness as well as of kindness in the last words, but the children scarcely noticed it. Glad to get off so easily, they ran out of the tent. To tell the truth, they were rather afraid of this tall soldier with the shining armour. But out in the open the scene was just as strange.

"Where are we?" said Bobbie, greatly puzzled.

"What can it all mean?" said Annie, looking on all sides in the hope of finding something homelike.

Before them were the high walls of a fort, with round towers at the corners and a road leading up to the gate. Round about were scattered a number of rude huts built of branches, and children were playing at the doors.

"How funnily they are dressed!" said Annie. "Just short coats with no sleeves, and see, the coats are made of shaggy skins!"

"I declare!" Bobby cried. "We are dressed in just the same way. Look!"

Sure enough, Bobbie and Annie wore the same simple dress, without shoes or stockings, and with no caps to shade them from the sun. They stood staring at one another, more and more puzzled.

"I know what it is," Bobbie exclaimed suddenly. "The Brownie has kept his word. He said he would wake us up in old Glasgow, and here we are!"

"Well I never!" said Annie, with a gasp. "What fun! Come on and let us have a look round."

They wandered about among the low huts, peeping in at the doors to watch the women cooking the morning meal. But there were no streets, no houses. "I'm afraid," said Bobbie, "that the Brownie has wakened us too soon, and Glasgow isn't born yet!"

Just then some soldiers came out of the fort.

The children of the huts stopped their games to watch, while some of the bolder boys drew near to see better. Bobbie and Annie followed behind the soldiers, till they came up to the group of tents where their friend of that morning was sitting at his morning meal.

He rose to his feet and saluted as the leader came up. The Centurion, for such was his rank, wore a coat of mail adorned with rings and medals in silver, while his legs were guarded with brass.

"Tell me, Marius," he asked, "when do you expect that convoy of grain?"

"They should have been here before this," our soldier replied. "The tide is low at this hour, so the pack horses should be able to cross the ford now without spoiling their load of grain."

"I must go and see what is keeping them. The men at the wall have been on short rations of bread for two days. But how hot it is! Give me a drink of water before I go on."

Marius went into the tent and brought a bowl full of water. The Centurion raised it to his lips, only to dash the water to the ground.

"Pshaw, man, the water is tepid!" he spluttered, with a wry face. "Here, my lad," he said to Bobbie, who was standing by, "take this bowl and fill it at the stream down there. Look sharp."

Bobbie took the bowl and was off like a shot, Annie after him. It was a fine bowl, made of red

polished ware, with figures of plants and animals round the outside. Holding it firmly under his arm Bobbie led the way carefully down the tree-clad slope to where the burn prattled along its shady course.

He had just dipped the bowl into the burn, and brought it brimming to the bank, when he heard a cry and a splash. *Annie had fallen in.* Leaving the bowl on the bank, Bobbie jumped into the burn to help her up. The water was not deep and Annie was none the worse of her ducking. They clambered out, and laughed merrily while Annie, like a drenched dog, shook the water out of her shaggy coat.

"Hurry up, Annie," said her brother, "we mustn't keep the officer waiting. Where is the bowl?"

Where was it? Bobbie was sure he had laid it just there, under the bush. But it was gone! They looked here, they looked there, they looked everywhere.

"It must have been stolen while we were away," Bobbie said at last.

"What *shall* we do?" said Annie, beginning to whimper.

Bobbie felt like crying too, but he put a brave face on it.

"We'll just have to go and confess," he said. But it was with a sinking heart that he climbed the wooded slope of the burnside.

The convoy had meanwhile arrived, and the Centurion was busy giving orders, when our two young friends reached the tent.

"Well, have you brought me the water?" he said as they came up. Bobbie flushed very red, as, standing empty-handed, he stammered out the story of how the bowl had been lost. But the Centurion would not listen.

"Tut, you careless little savage," he said angrily, "you've broken the bowl. Don't waste my time with a lying story."

And he turned away to attend to other things. Bobbie's honest face grew scarlet. A lying story, indeed! His pride was hurt; but what could he say?

"Never mind, lad," said the good-natured Marius, patting him on the back. "The Centurion will soon forget. Besides, we are just setting out for the wall. Would you and your sister like to come and see it? You could go on one of the pack horses."

Bobbie brightened up at these kind words, and Annie skipped with glee. They were soon mounted on the back of a sturdy little horse, which seemed not to feel the extra burden as it plodded along.

The path led for four miles through deep forest, and as they went along, their friend Marius walked at the horse's head. He told them how Agricola, the great Roman general, had led an army far into the heart of the mountains, and had built a chain of forts to keep back the wild Picts. Then he told

them how twenty years ago the Emperor Antonine had built a wall from sea to sea, with forts here and there along its course. It was to one of these forts that they were now going.

The barking of a dog soon gave warning that the fort was near. They came first to a few wooden huts and low stone buildings, the homes of traders and of old soldiers who could no longer do duty in the fort. The arrival of the long train of pack horses made quite a stir. Men, women, and children pressed around to ask what had been the cause of their delay.

Marius, however, would not stay to talk, but led the horses through the gate of the fort, past the houses of the garrison, and up to a long low barn where the grain was to be stored. Leaving the soldiers to unload the horses, he entered a handsome building on the right to report himself to the officer in command of the fort.

As the sacks were unloaded and stowed away in the barn, Annie and Bobbie stood by to lead the horses off to the stable. In five minutes, however, Marius came back.

"Come along with me," he said; "you must be hungry after this long ride."

He led them out of the fort to the door of a neat stone cottage, where a smiling young woman, with a baby in her arms, was waiting to greet them.

"Here, Cornelia" he said; "I've brought you two

hungry young cubs to be fed. I found them sleeping on my cloak this morning, and they minded me of our two little ones that we lost. Care for them, will you? I must go to the baths."

The good-hearted woman soon spread a fine meal before them, and chatted while they ate. The children ate with a will, for they were hungry after the adventures of this strange forenoon.

Dinner over, Cornelia sent the children out to amuse themselves. There was plenty to see and hear. A group of soldiers, off duty, had formed a ring, and in the midst two young fellows were wrestling. Others were gathered round a strolling juggler just arrived from York with all the latest tricks and turns. Bobbie and Annie watched with open eyes and open mouth. At the end, when the juggler sent round the bag, Bobbie felt for his trouser pocket to give him a copper, but found neither one nor the other!

Best of all, the children liked to listen to the talk of the old soldiers. What stories they heard of the wild hill country beyond the wall, where the "painted men" lived! These hardy warriors, they were told, would stay all day long hidden to the neck in a bog. They could live on roots, and had a wonderful food of which a piece no bigger than a pea would keep them alive for days.

After the evening meal Marius took the children to the top of the wooden watch tower. Standing

on a mound, it gave a wide view across the Kelvin to the Campsie Fells. But what held the wondering eyes of the children was the long line of the Roman Wall.

There it lay below them, stretching out to east and west as far as the eye could reach in the gathering dusk, a solid wall thirty-six miles long, joining sea to sea. It was built not of stone but of sods, firmly knit together and resting on a stone base. About six feet broad across the top, so that soldiers might easily pass along its whole length, it stood twelve feet high, and fell away on the north side into a deep ditch forty feet wide.

Marius smiled as he watched the look of wonder on the children's faces.

"Yes," he said, "it is a great work. Rome was not built in a day, nor was the Roman wall.

"Do you know," he went on, "that at the beginning, before Romulus built Rome, he took a plough and marked out the bounds of the city with a furrow? And when Remus in scorn leapt over the furrow, Romulus rose up and slew him. That was ever the way of Rome," said Marius, with a grim laugh. "This mighty ditch, a thousand leagues from the old city, is the furrow that marks the bounds of Rome to-day, and woe betide the man who tries to leap across it!"

Marius was speaking to himself rather than to the children. To tell the truth, Bobbie was not listen-

ing. His eye had been caught by a fitful gleam of light from the moor beyond the Kelvin.

"What is that?" he said at last, tugging his friend's cloak, and pointing to the light, which now flickered clearer as the light of day grew less.

"Ha! you have sharp eyes, lad," said Marius. "That is the bale-fire which the Brigantes light to call their tribe together. I doubt they are plotting mischief. I must warn the Centurion."

They hurried down from the tower, and soon all was astir within the fort. A beacon was lit, to warn the other forts along the wall, and everything was made ready for an attack.

There was not long to wait, for the Brigantes, seeing the beacon lit, made haste to attack before help could come to the soldiers in the fort. With a wild yell they stormed the gate which guarded the passage of the wall.

Marius had sent Annie and Bobbie to the top of the tower behind the fort, where they were safe and could see all that passed below. A wild scene it was, lit up by the red glare of the beacon. The Brigantes, their faces made more dreadful with paint, swarmed up ladders or climbed on hands and knees up the steep sides of the ditch. Had the Romans not been ready, they might well have been routed; but with every man armed and at his post they soon beat off the attack. The wild halloos of the Brigantes grew less and less as they

drew off into the darkness of the moor, and silence at last settled on the Roman fort.

Softly, and looking very much scared, Annie and Bobbie crept down from their high perch. They were making for the cottage of Marius, when a faint voice caught their ear.

“Water! Water!”

Turning towards the cry, they found one of the Brigantes lying sorely wounded. The poor fellow looked very dreadful with blood streaking his painted face. But who could deny a drink of water to a wounded man? Annie forgot her fears and ran for a cup of water.

Together the two children stooped over the sufferer. Annie took his head upon her lap, while Bobbie helped him to sip the water. The poor fellow seemed very grateful for their kindness.

Just then two Roman officers drew near. One was the Centurion of the fort, the other was the Centurion whom we met earlier in our story. Seeing the beacon light, he had ridden up from his own fort above the fords of Clyde, but had come too late to give help.

“Hullo,” said the first officer, “here is the young boy who gave us warning of the enemies’ coming. He did us a good turn, and now, I see, he is befriending one of our enemies.” He laughed good-naturedly and patted Bobbie on the head.

“That young scamp,” said the other officer with

surprise. "Why, I sent him this morning to bring me a drink, and he broke the bowl and came back with a lying story of its having been stolen."

The wounded man started and looked into Bobbie's face; then, turning to the officer:

"Speak not ill of the boy, proud Roman, for what he said was truth. 'Twas I stole the dish, while he was helping his sister at the burn, where I lay hid." He paused, while a shudder shook his strong frame. "If you doubt my word," he added faintly, "seek the bowl in my hut by the riverside. It lies not far——"

The sentence was never finished, and they never heard where the bowl was to be found. For the poor man had swooned. Annie and Bobbie were quite overcome at the sight. But the Roman officers, used to such scenes, ordered the guard to remove the prisoner, and gave the matter no further thought.

"I did you injustice, my little man," said the Centurion gaily, clapping Bobbie on the back. "You have done a good day's work."

Bobbie found himself the hero of the fort and Annie the heroine. Everybody had a kind word for the two children. But kindest of all were Marius and Cornelia. After giving them a fine supper, they made ready a bed for them in their own cottage; and there, with happy hearts, the two children fell asleep.

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It was Saturday afternoon, and Annie and Bobbie, back in everyday Glasgow, were wandering through the galleries of the Kelvingrove Museum. They had seen all the beasts, and had now strayed into a corner room full of old jars, coins, and pottery. Since coming back to common life they had never once thought of the Roman Wall. The whole adventure seemed indeed to have passed out of their minds.

"There's not much to see here, Annie," said Bobbie with a yawn. Annie did not answer; she was gazing very hard at something in a glass case near the door. Bobbie came to see what it was.

Nothing very interesting, it seemed. Only a bowl of red pottery with figures of plants and animals on the outside. He read the label carelessly, "Ancient Roman bowl of the red glazed pottery known as Samian ware, 3rd or 4th century, found 7th October, 1876, at the Fleshers' Haugh, Glasgow Green."

Suddenly he started and looked at Annie. She met his eye with a puzzled look, as if trying to remember something. Then in a flash it all came back—the Centurion, the lost bowl, the fight at the Wall, the dying warrior.

"Why, they've found our bowl?" both children exclaimed in one breath. Sure enough, after seventeen hundred years, there was the bowl safe and sound!

And now that they *had* remembered, how they did talk! "Do you remember when Marius waked us up first?" and "Do you remember how cross the Centurion was?" And so on, and on.

At last Bobbie broke off suddenly.

"Look here, Annie," he said. "This is Saturday, and it was Friday evening when we found the Brownie on Camp Hill. When did all this happen?"

Here was a poser! Annie scratched her head and wondered.

"The Brownie told us," she said at last, "that it was mostly at night he did his good deeds to mortals. Perhaps he made us dream it all. And yet there is the lost bowl!"

Yes, strange to say, there it lay before their eyes, where you may see it if you care to visit the Kelvingrove Museum. And had the children known it, they might have seen other relics of their adventure. They might have taken the red car to Bishopbriggs and walked on two miles to Cadder; there they would have seen the very mound thrown up by the Romans long ago to hold that watch tower beside the Roman Wall.

The following is a translation of the inscription on the carved stone which is reproduced in outline at the head of this chapter (page 20):—"To the Emperor Caesar Titus Aelius Hadrian Antoninus Augustus Pius, Father of his Country: the Second Legion in August made 4652 paces of the Vallum."



Saint Mungo and the Heavenly Guests



TELL you, Brother Clement, there is a grace about her face that is more than common. The boy, too, is a comely child and strong."

"Yea, Brother Ailred, it is a marvel, and passes my wit to understand. It happened on this wise. I rose at dawn and had knelt some time at prayer, when, opening my eyes, I beheld these fair children fast asleep. I thought them angels from heaven, till by chance the boy snored."

"Think you, Brother Clement, we should wake them?"

"Nay, look, they stir already."

The whispering voices paused, and Annie, who had dimly heard their talk, started wide awake.

She sat up, and in doing so roused Bobbie also from his sleep. He screwed up his face, stretched himself, opened his eyes, and yawned.

"Hullo!" he said suddenly. "What's up? Where are we?"

He looked around him and saw that they were lying on a litter of straw, with the wooden walls of a round hut about them, and overhead a peaked roof made of straw.

"I expect we have wakened up in old Glasgow again," said Annie.

The two men whose whispers had roused the children from sleep were all this time standing silent, watching with growing wonder in their eyes. They were dressed in long coats of rough brown cloth, girt at the middle with a rope, and with a hood at the back. Their bare feet, brown from rain and sun, were thrust into sandals of leather. The elder, who wore his hood over his head, half hiding his beard, at last spoke.

"How come you here, little ones?" he asked, with something like awe in his voice.

Annie looked to Bobbie for help, but he was just as much at a loss for an answer as she.

"We went to sleep in Glasgow," she said at last, "and—and we woke up here. We just slipped back somehow in our sleep."

The good man looked puzzled; then his face lit up with joy.

"A miracle, a miracle!" he cried, clasping his hands.

Brother Clement fell on his knees, and, raising his eyes, exclaimed in Latin: "*Magnus Dominus, et laudabilis nimis*".¹

The children were quite put out at all this fuss, but they did not know how to make the good men understand.

"Here's a nice fix!" said Annie, under her breath. "What *are* we to do?"

Bobbie shook his head and wished himself safe at home.

Meanwhile the two men had been whispering together, and now seemed to have made up their minds.

"Come with us, little heavenly guests," said Brother Ailred in a kindly voice. "We will take you to our holy father, Bishop Mungo,"

He took Annie by the hand, while Brother Clement led Bobbie, and together they passed out of the narrow door of the hut. Once out in the open the children began to feel more at home. They found themselves once again at the spot where they had wakened up before; but how changed it was!

Four centuries had passed since then, and the Roman fort that had stood so proudly guarding the approach to the fords of Clyde now lay a heap of

¹ *Psalms*, xlviii, 1.

ruins, half-hidden with grass. Round about they saw a dozen neat little beehive huts, like the one they had just left, and within, as they passed, they could hear the murmur of prayer.

Brother Ailred led them to the door of a building taller than the other huts, and built of stone. Within could be heard the low murmur of a man's voice, broken now and then by the tinkle of a bell.

They waited reverently at the door for several minutes. Annie was eager to ask questions, but she saw from the solemn face of Brother Ailred that she had better be quiet. At last the voice ceased inside, and a moment later the speaker appeared at the open door.

He was an old man, with a long white beard, tall and well built and dressed in a white robe. In one hand he held a book, while in the other was the little bell whose tinkle they had heard. His face was beautiful, and a smile lit his gentle eyes as his glance fell on the children.

"What do ye with these little ones, my sons?" he asked of the two men, who now stood before him with bent heads.

Ailred told him in a few words the strange story of how he had found the children asleep in his cell, and how they could give no clear account of themselves, save that they had come as in a dream.

"I took counsel with Brother Clement," he wound up, "and we thought here was a miracle that must be laid before our father the Bishop."

The old man listened gravely to the story, and when it was finished stood in thought.

"It may be," he said at last, "that Heaven has wrought a miracle for our comfort, or it may be that by some magic spell these children are come to us. 'Twas in such way that King Arthur, of blessed memory, came to live among men. These secrets are dark to human wisdom. But the holy Apostle has bidden us be careful to entertain strangers. Send therefore for the little Prince Constantine, and let him be charged with the care of these children."

He laid his hands upon them in blessing, and then walked slowly away to his own cell.

While Brother Clement went off to bring Constantine the children had time to look about them. A busy scene it was; for the Culdees, as these good brethren were called, had other duties besides prayer and praise. Patches of land here and there had been cleared and sown with corn, which was now waving in the morning breeze. A barn had been built by the Culdees for storing their grain. But this, Brother Ailred told them, had proved too small for the needs of the little village that was growing up around the huts of the Culdees, and a larger barn was now being put up. All round the

settlement the trees had been cleared away, and cows and sheep wandered about cropping the scanty grass.

Brother Clement soon returned, and with him a boy of about Annie's age.

"Here, little ones, is Prince Constantine," he said, bringing the lad forward. "He will see that you lack nothing, and will go with you wherever you wish."

There was an uneasy pause, while the young prince shifted from one foot on to the other, looking shyly at the children, as if not very sure what to make of these "heavenly guests". Annie and Bobbie, for their part, were at a loss how to behave with a real live prince.

"Perhaps our young friends would like some food," Brother Ailred suggested.

This broke the ice. For Annie and Bobbie let it be seen at once that though they might be "heavenly guests" they were just as hungry as any other children! Constantine led the way to the guest house, and soon the three children were fast friends.

A bowl of rich milk was set before each, with thick slices of brown bread, and as much cheese as they could eat. While they ate, the prince chatted in the most friendly way. His home, he told them, was in Partick, where the King and Queen of Strathclyde had a palace; but he had been sent

here to be taught by the good Bishop, who was their friend. The young prince was never tired of talking about Bishop Mungo.

"Brother Ailred has told me," he said, "that when Mungo was little he was among the boys who lived with St. Serf. Now, this holy man was very fond of birds, and kept a pet robin, which he dearly loved. One day the boys were playing with this robin, and one trying to take it from another, they managed amongst them to kill the poor little bird. Then they were in great fear, till one of them said: 'Let us say that Mungo did it!' They all jumped at this plan, and flung the bird at Mungo's feet. For Mungo would never join in their cruel games, and they hated him for his gentleness. But Mungo picked up the poor little lifeless body, and said a prayer over it. When lo! in a moment, the robin lived again."

"But surely it hadn't really been dead?" said Annie doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed; it's head was pulled right off," Constantine declared. "Brother Clement said so. I shouldn't wonder if the boys did it on purpose, just to spite Mungo. For another time, when it was his turn to look after the light that must be kept burning all night long, they got up secretly before dawn, and put it out. When Mungo found what they had done, he went out to a bush and plucked a twig. It was white with hoar frost, but

no sooner had Mungo breathed a prayer over it than it burst into flame."

Annie and Bobbie were wondering how to take this story, when luckily their friend changed the subject.

"Now that you are finished," he said, "we might have a look round."

First they went to see the cows being milked and the cheese being made. Then they watched the men building the barn.

"Isn't it big?" said the young Prince. "It is about as big as our palace at Partick. But did you see our great sight, the church built of stone?" He pointed proudly to the odd little chapel where they had met the Bishop. "The stones were got from the old Roman fort over yonder."

Next he took them to a little piece of ground marked off from the rest and sheltered with trees. This he told them was the burial-ground hallowed long ago by St. Ninian, and here lay the body of St. Fergus.

"It is a strange story," said Constantine. "When Mungo was grown up, and had left St. Serf, he stopped one night at the cell of a holy man named Fergus. Now Fergus was dying, and when he saw Mungo he prayed him to see to his burial, in such way as God should direct. So, when the holy man died, Mungo did even as he had been asked. He placed the body in a wagon that had never

before been used, and to this wagon he yoked two wild bulls. Then, leaving them to go where they would, he followed behind. The bulls wandered on, and at last halted at this spot called Cathures. So here St. Fergus was buried, and here Mungo has settled."

"But isn't this place called Glasgow?" asked Bobbie.

"Glasgow?" said the Prince, shaking his head. "I don't know that name."

"That's queer," said Annie, aside to Bobbie. "It looks as if the Brownie has wakened us up too soon again."

They had wandered away from the old burial-ground, through the gate in the low earthwork that guarded the village. They now took the path leading into the forest, and sauntered on till they came to a burn. Down this they climbed, jumping from rock to rock, and sometimes wading in the pools. The woods were ringing with their merry voices, when, bursting through a thicket, they came upon a small clearing where stood a little wooden chapel. So lonely it looked that it might have seemed forgotten, but for a few flowers and a wooden cross marking a grave, and a narrow path that led past.

Constantine, who had been gaily leading the way, stopped short, and signed to the others to do the same. Then, seeing the question in their eyes, he

told them in a low voice that this was the grave of St. Thenue, Mungo's mother.

"Her father was angry with her," he said; "I don't know why. And he set her adrift at sea in a little skin-covered boat. But the waves were kinder to her than her father, for they cast her ashore. And there, on the open beach, Mungo was born."

The young Prince might have gone on adding story to story, for he was never tired of speaking about his master; but just then he heard the sound of a horse's feet and turned to watch. The rider, a grey-haired man, hailed the young prince as he drew near.

"What do you here, my master?" He spoke with the freedom of an old servant. "Do you wish to be torn to pieces by the wolves, that you wander alone so far into the woods? But come, lead me to the Bishop. I have a message from your mother, the Queen."

Wolves! Annie and Bobbie started at the word, and pressed close up to the horse's side. But Constantine laughed. "Why, we're all right," he said, "now that Morken is here."

They trotted along by the horse's side, and before long were back among the huts of the Culdees. Constantine led the way to the cell of his master, the Bishop.

Morken knelt on one knee as Mungo came to the

door, but the good Bishop bade him rise. "Tell me," he said, "what is your business?"

"The Queen, my mistress, sends me to ask counsel of thy wisdom," he said. "She is in sore trouble over a gold ring which she has let fall in the Clyde. Now this ring was the gift of the King, and he is wroth at its loss. 'For,' said he, 'she can but lightly esteem my love if she has so little care for my gifts.' The Queen is truly sorry for her fault, and bids me ask counsel what she should do."

The Bishop mused for a moment. Then, turning to the young Prince:

"Constantine," he said, "if you would do your mother a service, take your line and go fish in the Clyde. Your little friends may go with you if they will."

The Prince did not need to be told twice. He ran to get line and hooks, and in a minute the three friends were racing down to the river.

The Clyde flowed sweetly between its wooded banks, spanned as yet by no bridge, ploughed by no ships, and bearing only its silver harvest of fish. So tame were these that it needed no angler's skill to make a catch.

All three children were soon eagerly fishing. Bobbie made the first catch. It was only a branch, but he caught it so firmly that he could not get out the hook without the help of Constantine.

While they were working with the stubborn hook,

they heard a shout from Annie: "Come! Come quick!"

Hurrying to the spot, they found Annie struggling with a large fish at the end of her line. It darted this way and that, dragging the children and tumbling them one over another. At last Constantine managed to twist the line round a branch and tie it firmly. Then, with the end safe, they were able at last to land their fish, still struggling, on the bank, where Constantine polished it off with a knife.

It was a fine salmon, three feet long, and so heavy that it took the three of them to carry it. They bore it in triumph to the Bishop's cell, and laid it on the ground.

The good Bishop smiled when he heard that it had been caught by Annie.

"You have done well, little maid," he said, "for this fish shall be remembered for many a day. Cut it open, Constantine, and let us all see."

The young Prince, who was used to the work, was gutting the salmon with clever fingers, when he stopped suddenly, threw down his knife, and held up—a golden ring!

A cry of wonder rose from the crowd that had gathered round.

"A miracle! a miracle!" they shouted.

Mungo took the ring from the Prince's hand, and, calling Morken, delivered it to his keeping.

"Take it back to the Queen," he said, "and bid

her hold fast the King's love token if she would hold his love."

Morken thanked the good Bishop with a glad heart, and made haste to set out for Partick with his precious burden for the Queen.

Meanwhile the three children carried off the famous salmon to the guest house. With their own hands they cooked it, and served it, steaming and savoury, on large wooden platters.

And then such a dinner they had as was never eaten before. For surely never before or since was there so wonderful a salmon!

Dusk had fallen before they rose from their meal, so they sat round the fire of the guest house, talking and listening to the tales of a traveller who was lodging there. He came from the island of Iona, and told of the deeds of Columba, the great Bishop of the north. The keeper of the guest house also told of the visit that Columba had paid to Mungo "the beloved", and how the two old men had walked together by the little burn that flowed through the dell below.

The children listened to one story after another, till at last their heads began to nod and—they knew no more.

When they woke up again in everyday Glasgow, Annie and Bobbie had no chance of forgetting what they had seen and heard. On every tram, on every

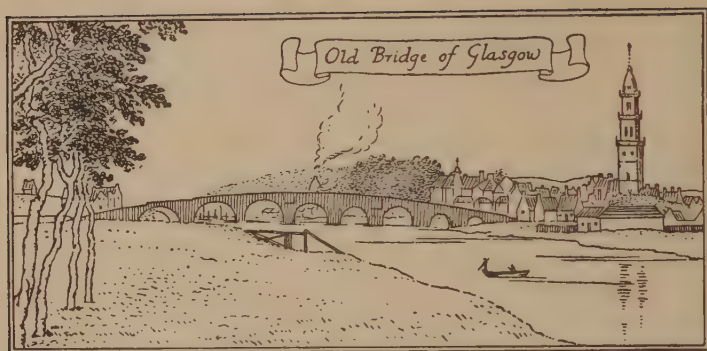
electric lamp-post, were the Glasgow Arms, showing St. Mungo and his bell, the robin brought back to life, the bush that gave the sacred fire, and the fish with the ring in its mouth. For the Cathures of that early day has grown into the Glasgow that we know.

And besides, was there not St. Mungo's Cathedral, with his grave in the lower church? And what of St. Thenue's lonely chapel? True, the name has gone, for long years have changed its form. We call it now St. Enoch's, and far below, covered in long since by the Subway and the street, flows the little burn that once sparkled in the sun.

One day Annie found in an old book the life of St. Mungo. There they read all the wonderful stories they had heard, and many more besides. The only one that was left out was the miracle of the two little heavenly guests. St. Mungo was right, for that was mere magic.



From the Second Seal of the Glasgow Corporation



Glasgow Fair in Olden Times

IT was the Fair week, when for eight or ten days Glasgow is on holiday. The mills and factories were still, and their furnaces at last were cold. A gentle breeze had blown away the bank of smoke that hangs over the city from one year's end to another, save for those happy summer days that make up Glasgow Fair.

Happy days they were this year, for July had given of her best. From early morning the sun had shone on merry crowds pouring into all the stations, and on heavy-laden trains and steamers carrying them off for a holiday.

Those who were not bound for the country seemed all to have come out into the streets. In the centre of the city the streets were blocked with traffic. In

Clyde Street, beside the river, the hawkers and dealers were doing a brisk trade, for at Fair time money passes readily from hand to hand.

Among this noisy crowd Annie and Bobbie were picking their way arm in arm. There was no end of things to be seen in this odd market, with its little stalls and hand-carts so closely packed. One was piled with fruit and toffy, the next with old boots and shoes, and perhaps some pots and pans amongst them, the next with clothes of every colour. And wherever they went, they were sure to be told this was the cheapest stall in the market.

The children were standing beside a weighing-machine, where the girl in charge was teasing a very fat man to let her weigh him. "Only a penny," she said; "no extra charge though you break the machine!"

Just then they heard a noise of shouting behind. They turned and darted up Market Street, then ran through a narrow lane to the right, and found themselves in a large open field.

"Hullo! where are we?" said Annie. "I was never here before."

"Never mind," Bobbie said, hurrying on ahead; "come on and see why the people are flocking over there."

"Bobbie, Bobbie, look at yourself!" cried Annie.

He stopped and looked; and well he might! Instead of the neat Norfolk suit he had been wearing,

he was dressed in a short green coat with a scarlet belt; while instead of knickers he had on long tight-fitting stockings. On his head he found a little fur cap with a white feather stuck in it.

When he had looked himself up and down, he turned his puzzled eyes to Annie.

"Why, you are just the same!" he exclaimed.

Sure enough, Annie was dressed in much the same way as her brother. The coat was a little longer, so as to make a short skirt, while the fur cap had no feather. They looked at one another, and then in a flash they understood.

"The Brownie has tricked us back into old Glasgow," said Annie.

"Well, that was neatly done!" said Bobbie; "we just dodged round the corner, and here we are!"

"But where are we, anyway?" Annie said, as she turned to look about her. "Let's go and see what the noise is about."

Though they had slipped back into the past, they seemed to be still in Glasgow Fair, for the field was dotted with stalls and booths. These, however, had all been deserted, and the people had crowded up to the market cross. The children soon squeezed their way into the middle of the crowd. Here, in an open space, two knights in light armour stood facing one another in angry dispute, while an old man dressed in black robes was trying to make peace between them.

"I pray you, Sir Guy," he said, "let there be no strife between you and the English knight. Sir Wilfred is come as a guest to my burgh of Glasgow, and it is not seemly that friend of mine should do him affront."

"I do but defend the honour of Scotland's king," the knight replied warmly. "Sir Wilfred slighted the fame of William the Lion."

"Nay, there is fame enough for all," said the Englishman. "I meant no slight to William the Lion when I sang the praise of Richard Lion-Heart. Had you followed his lance against the Saracen, as I did, you would not wonder that all Europe rings with his name."

"I would follow the Scottish Lion against all the Richards in Europe," cried Sir Guy, his face red with anger. "And in proof of it—there, Sir Wilfred, is my gage of battle."

As he spoke he flung his steel glove on the ground. The Englishman flushed, and with a haughty smile was stooping to pick up the gauntlet, when the old man stayed his hand.

"Nay, Sir Wilfred," he said, "leave the young man to me. He is of the High Steward's company, and must needs pick a quarrel. Since they slew the Lord of the Isles at Renfrew, and gave peace to the West country, the High Steward's knights chafe in idleness, and will fight for a straw. Come, Sir Guy," he said to the younger man, "take back your

gage from this aged hand that baptized you at St. Mungo's font."

The old man was about to lift the glove, when Sir Wilfred stopped him.

"Stay, my Lord Bishop," he said, as he picked up the gauntlet himself; "it lies with my honour to accept this challenge. A thrust of my spear will cool the lad's blood better than the leech's lancet. And, if it must be, let the combat be held here by this market cross."

The old man shook his head sadly.

"I would it were in my power to forbid these combats," he said. "I brought you here that you might see the trade of my people at this yearly fair which the King has granted me for my burgh of Glasgow. If you must fight, let it be without our bounds on the Gallow Muir."

Two squires were now sent up to the Bishop's Castle to bring the knights' horses and arms, while the crowd melted away, some to their stalls and some to the Gallow Muir.

Annie and Bobbie had now time to look about them at Glasgow Fair. Quite a village had grown up round the cross. Along the two crossroads little wooden houses were huddled, with odd gables and overhanging stories. Farther up the High Street were a few stone houses belonging to the Cathedral.

It was plain, however, that the people who thronged the Fair were not all Glasgow folk. From

the country round about people had come to buy and sell. Though the countryman and his wife could make their own shoes and tables and clothes, and a dozen other things of daily use, they were glad to come here to exchange their butter and wool for the goods of the Glasgow craftsmen.

At the many booths and stalls were spread the most tempting wares: wines and spices for the castles of gentle folk, meat, salt fish, and salmon fresh from the Clyde; wool and cloth, furs and feathers; swords and helmets from the blacksmith's forge, rude ploughshares and other farmers' tools; wheels, tubs, and barrels from the carpenter and wright. The chandler was there too, with candles for St. Mungo's shrine, and a palmer, old and bent, was selling cockle shells from the Holy Land and relics brought from the Crusades.

In front of one booth two tumblers were cutting funny capers amid shouts of laughter, and trying to persuade the onlookers to come in and see their show. One of these, a man dressed in shabby brown, who seemed to be enjoying the fun heartily, turned away just as the children came up, and jostled against Annie.

"Pardon, my little mistress," he said, touching his hat respectfully and stepping aside, when he saw her so neatly dressed.

"What is there inside?" Annie made bold to ask, for the man looked good-natured.

"'Deed I know not," he answered. "Murdo, the Bishop's serf, has no money to spend on tumblers!"

"Oh, can you tell us who the Bishop is?" said Bobbie.

"Tell you? I should think I could! My father was the Bishop's serf, and his father before him; and my son will be the Bishop's serf, and his son after him! But you must be a stranger here, my little master, not to know Bishop Jocelin?"

Bobbie looked at Annie, and said rather lamely: "Yes, we have just come."

"Aye, you can't be long in Scotland without knowing Bishop Jocelin," Murdo went on. "When the Pope set a curse upon the land, it was our Bishop Jocelin that went to Rome and got the curse removed. And all the boon he asked of King William the Lion was a charter for this burgh of Glasgow, and the right to hold this Fair in July."

Just then a party on horseback jingled past, and in the crowd that followed, the children lost sight of their friend Murdo. Amongst the gay company they saw the two knights, now fully armed for the fray, so the children ran after the eager crowd that was making for the Gallow Muir.

Once arrived at the place of combat, no time was lost by either party in making ready. The men-at-arms kept back the crowd, to leave a wide field for the two knights. These took their places, about

two hundred yards apart, each with his lance at the rest. Their horses wore breastplates and frontlets of steel, and when their riders dropped their visors, so that no part of their faces showed, they were indeed a grim pair.

A horn sounded, and the two horses reared and sprang forward at a gallop. For a few moments nothing was heard but the thunder of horses' hoofs on the turf. As they came together with a crash, the younger knight missed his aim, while the Englishman's lance, catching him fair in the breastplate, bore him heavily to the ground.

Sir Wilfred reined in his fiery horse, sprang to the ground as lightly as his armour would permit, and hastened to aid the fallen knight.

"I trust you have no grave hurt, Sir Guy," he said, stooping over him; "though I fear 'twas such a lusty blow as your own King William the Lion might have dealt."

"I thank you for your courtesy," the young man said, as he sat up and struggled to his feet. "I have but had my deserts, for I confess I had no just cause of quarrel. I am none the worse of my lesson."

What followed, the children could not hear, for the men-at-arms drove back the crowd. But the knights soon mounted, and from the friendly way they chatted as they rode off it was clear their quarrel was made up.

The crowd soon scattered, and Annie and Bobbie wandered down to where the Clyde rippled below the trees that lined its banks. How still it seemed after the stirring scene they had just witnessed! Two stately swans were gliding down the stream, and the children followed them along the bank. Here and there they passed men setting their nets for the salmon that could be seen darting about in the clear water.

The young wanderers came at last to an opening where a little toll booth marked the ford of the river. A peasant was driving two cows across the ford as the children came down to the edge.

"Look, Annie, how shallow it is. What do you say to wade over?"

"Come on, Bobbie; that would be fun."

They were soon paddling in the middle of the river, enjoying the wash of the cool water against their legs. The tread of many feet had worn a smooth bottom, so that they easily made their way to the other side.

"What do you say to climb one of those trees?" said Annie, as they were putting on their shoes. "They look quite easy."

"Good idea!" said Bobbie, stamping to warm his feet now that his shoes were on again. "Come on and let us choose a good one."

They wandered along till the ford was out of sight, looking up at the trees, and came at last to

a great oak whose branches reached over the road. This was just what they wanted, for the trunk was so gnarled that they could easily find a foothold upon it. In a few minutes they were comfortably perched high up in the branches. The sun's rays pierced through the leafy curtain and checkered the path below.

As they peered down, their eye was caught by something moving. A man stole cautiously out of the wood and crouched behind the trunk of the tree on which they were mounted. Clearly he had not seen them, for his gaze was fixed up the road. They could not see his face, but his stealthy movements boded mischief, and he had a club in his hand.

Annie and Bobbie looked at one another, but found little comfort in the look. They were both very scared, but they dared not speak lest he should hear. What would happen if he should see them?

There was a sound of footsteps. A man came slowly along the road, driving half a dozen pigs to the Fair. The children held their breath as he passed the tree, but nothing happened. The robber, if such he was, was lying in wait for something better than pigs.

Ten minutes went by. A cart of hay lumbered slowly past, almost sweeping the lowest branch of the oak. Still the robber made no move, but crouched behind the tree.

Five minutes later footsteps were heard again. It was a man dressed in black, with a leather bag upon his back and a stick in his hand. As he drew near, the robber rose noiselessly to his feet.

Little dreaming of the hidden danger, the man in black came on, humming a tune. He had just passed, when the robber sprang upon him from behind and felled him with his club.

"Aha, my fat shaveling," he said with a snarl, "that will keep you quiet for an hour or two while I count up St. Mungo's pence and wait for more."

With that he took the leather bag from the priest's back, and dragged the senseless body behind a bush. Then he sat down again behind the tree, and the clink of money told how he was engaged.

The poor children's hearts sank. How ever were they to get away? There was nothing for it but to sit still. Ten minutes later they heard the welcome sound of wheels. But it was only the hay cart returning empty. They dared not shout to the carter, for if the robber found out he was spied upon, he would make short work of them.

Suddenly Annie put her hand on Bobbie's shoulder, and, leaning over, whispered in his ear:

"That cart of hay! It almost touched the long branch. We could easily have dropped on to it as it passed!"

Bobbie drew a short breath. What a pity they

had not thought of it in time! "Maybe another will come," he whispered back.

It was just a chance, but it seemed the only hope. Carefully they crept down from branch to branch, making as little noise as they could. Only when the wind rustled the leaves did they risk a move. At length they reached the low branch that stretched out over the road.

Even a whisper would now have betrayed them to the watcher below, but without words they agreed that they must wait their chance to climb out along the branch. A chance came sooner than they had dared to hope, for beyond the bend of the path towards the Clyde they heard a man whistling as he tramped along. As the sound drew nearer, the robber slipped from his hiding place and tiptoed behind a bush, where he had a better view of the road towards Glasgow.

This gave the children their chance. While the robber's eyes were fixed upon the bend of the path, they crawled out along the branch till they were exactly over the road. Here, by good luck, they found that the leaves hid them from the robber below.

At this moment the notes of the whistler rang out clear as he swung into sight. He was a sturdy pedlar with a bundle on his back and a stout thorn club in his hand, and he kept a sharp lookout as he tramped along. No doubt he had been doing good

business at Glasgow Fair, for his pack was well filled; but the look of the man and his cudgel warned the robber to let him be. So the pedlar passed without harm, and went whistling on his way.

As silence again settled on the wood, poor Annie and Bobbie felt sadly forsaken. They had no company but the robber, and him they would gladly have done without. Five minutes passed, ten minutes, twenty minutes. At last, after half an hour, a welcome sound broke the stillness—the rumble of a cart. It was the same cart as had passed before, returning now to Glasgow with another load of hay. Meanwhile, from the other direction came a man driving a herd of pigs. They seemed to care nothing for his whacks, and wanted to go every way but the right one. Under the oak they stopped still and would not budge, grunting and snuffling about for the young acorns that lay here and there on the ground.

At this moment the hay cart came up, and was brought to a stop by the pigs just below the children's branch. There was not a moment to lose, for such a chance would not come again. Annie and Bobbie slipped from their perch and nestled into the warm hay. They heard the sound of whacking and shouting as the pigs were driven off the road. Then the cart moved slowly on, with the children hidden on the top of the load.

For a few minutes they hardly dared to move. They seemed only to have exchanged one peril for another, for the cart, with its topheavy load, swayed as it jolted along the rough road, till they thought every moment they would be pitched out. But the minutes passed without mishap, and at last the splashing of water told them they were crossing the ford.

A halt was made at the toll booth to pay the charge that must be paid on all goods carried into Glasgow Fair. Then with a crack of the whip they were off again. Only now did the children begin to feel that they were safely out of their scrape; but they still thought it better not to show themselves until they had arrived. So the cart was driven right into the middle of the bustling fair, without anyone remarking the two children hidden on the top of the hay.

"Here you are, Murdo," the carter sang out as he brought his horse to a stand; "I've brought your second load."

As he spoke there was a heaving of the hay above, and the two children came sliding down almost on top of Murdo, the Bishop's serf.

"Hullo!" cried the carter with a start. "What field-mice are these I've brought in my hay?"

Annie and Bobbie clung to the good-natured Murdo, for he seemed like an old friend after all they had been through.

"How came you there, my little mistress?" he asked, with a kindly laugh, picking the hay from her dainty dress of green.

"We dropped on off the branch, so that the robber wouldn't see," Annie explained, beginning the story at the wrong end.

Between them the children managed to tell their tale, while Murdo and the carter listened with interest.

"A bad business!" said Murdo, shaking his head gravely. "The Bishop must be told about this. Come with us and we will take you to him."

The cart was now driven up the street leading to the Bishop's Castle, and while the carter led it round to the stables, Murdo brought the children to the castle gate. Here they were put in charge of the porter, who eyed them doubtfully, wondering what their errand might be. Murdo told him the children had grave news that must be kept for the Bishop's ear. But for all that it was with an ill humour that the porter led them down a stone passage, and drawing aside a curtain, ushered them without a word into a large, dimly lit hall.

Sir Guy and another young man were seated at the table, playing chess. At the window sat the white-haired Bishop Jocelin, talking to the English knight Sir Wilfred. No one had noticed the entrance of the children, and they stood hand-in-hand shyly looking around them.

"Yes, Sir Wilfred," the old man was saying, "the burgh of Glasgow prospers. Our charter promises the King's peace to all who go to or from Glasgow Fair, and each year they come in greater numbers. They bring of their pence, moreover, for the building of St. Mungo's kirk—— But whom have we here?" he added, as he caught sight at last of Annie and Bobbie.

The children came forward, hanging their heads and afraid to speak.

"Nay, be not afraid, little ones," said the good Bishop, patting Annie on the head. "Tell me what brings you here."

What with coaxing and questioning, the Bishop pieced together the story of the little folk's adventure, and as he listened his face became very grave.

"This man who has been robbed," he said to his companion, "must be one of my collectors bearing money from the High Steward at Paisley for the building of St. Mungo's kirk. I doubt the wretch is even now lying in wait for others. They travel far and near gathering funds, and King William has given his warrant for their safety on the road."

"Then we must make good the King's warrant!" said Sir Wilfred, rising. "Come, Sir Guy, after our dispute of this morning, 'twere well we should strike a blow together for the King's fair name."

"Right gladly," said the young man, as they rose

to go. "Let us do justice upon this man who robs the Church and defies the King."

"And now, my little ones," said the Bishop, as the others left the hall, "you have done well this day. I would that all the children of Glasgow, aye, and all the men and women too, might show as ready a wit and as good a courage for St. Mungo's city. But, ha! you must be hungry after your adventure. Here, Fergus," he called to a servant, "take these children and see that they are well provided."

Fergus now took them to the great kitchen of the castle, where a royal feast was soon spread before them. There was salmon and venison and boar's flesh, and fruits, and the sweetest of pasties. The only trouble was to choose, for, despite their hunger, they could not even taste all that was spread on that tempting table. And besides, they had to eat with their fingers, for knives and forks seemed to be unknown at the Bishop's table.

Dinner over, the children were glad to run away from the prying eyes of the Bishop's household. They sauntered down to the great church which the masons were raising to the honour of St. Mungo. How different it was from the little chapel where St. Mungo himself had worshipped, six hundred years before!

From the Cathedral Annie and Bobbie wandered down the hill again to the fair, to watch the buying and selling and the merriment of the tumblers.

They were standing at a stall a little way below the Cross, watching a cobbler busy with his needle, when they saw an armed company drawing near.

Sir Wilfred and Sir Guy rode in front, supporting between them the wounded collector, who was mounted on a borrowed horse. Behind walked the robber, his hands tied at his back, and his head sullenly bowed, while two men-at-arms kept guard on either side.

"Quick, Bobbie," said Annie, "let us get out of the way before they see us. They might speak to us, and I'm afraid of those great knights!"

And the shy little folk slipped in between two houses, down a lane, and found themselves in——

Clyde Street! Yes, they were back in everyday Glasgow. The hawkers were just as busy, and—would you believe it?—the fat man was just getting up from the weighing machine!

"Fifteen stone eight and a half," said the girl in charge, while the fat man ruefully felt in his pocket for a penny.

"Has it really all happened in the time he was being weighed?" said Annie.

"Well I never!" said Bobbie. "That Brownie is about as cute as they make 'em!"

They crossed the road and looked down on the Clyde, flowing dark and deep between its high banks. Could that really be the Stockwell Ford

where they had waded across? It must be; and yet how different!

They wandered up past the Cross with its clanging tramcars, and on to the Cathedral. It was bigger than the church they had seen the masons building, but here at least was something of the quiet of old Glasgow.

They passed inside into the great nave, and down into the old crypt below the choir. There in the shadow were the walls and pillars built by good Bishop Jocelin, who, seven hundred years ago, gave us Glasgow Fair.



*Glasgow Cathedral from the South
From an Eighteenth-century print*



(See page 84)

In the Days of Wallace



NNIE felt an iron hand upon her shoulder, and was dragged from under a table.

“Why, as I’m alive, there’s another!” exclaimed her captor, as with brawny arm he hauled Bobbie also, blinking, into the light.

“There, you lazy young loafers!” he said, shaking them wide awake. “I’ll teach you to go to sleep while the King’s dinner’s a-making! Do you think I’ve come down from the Bishop’s Castle just to let you young scullions of the Friary go to sleep while I do all the work?”

The angry cook, if such he was, clearly thought otherwise, for he shook every wink of sleep out of the two children, and gave them a push that sent them stumbling into a corner.

“Take those two fowls you see at your feet,” he

said, "and pluck them clean. If I see you idle I'll tell the kitchener when he comes back. He'll fry you, my fine young friars!"

With this comforting threat he turned away to a big table, where he was dressing a flank of meat.

Left to themselves, the children, looking very much puzzled, picked up the fowls and began to pluck them as best they could.

"Where in the world are we this time?" said Annie under her breath. "Did you ever see so big a kitchen?"

"Don't look about you too much," her brother whispered anxiously, "or we'll have that nasty old fellow boxing our ears. Let us get on with our plucking."

They worked away busily, but managed by wary spying to take stock of where they were. It was a huge kitchen paved with stone, and with a big fire at one end. Before the fire a side of pork was roasting, neighbour to the one that was being dressed at the table, while from an oven beside the open fire came the smell of baking pies. On shelves along the wall were ranged rows of jars bearing the names of strange spices, while pots and pans hung from hooks, and overhead were legs and shoulders and gigots of smoked meat hung from the rafters.

It was lucky for Annie and Bobbie that the cook was too busy to notice how clumsily the two young "scullions" did their task. Before they were half

finished, others had come into the kitchen. Two men came in carrying between them a cauldron of water, which they set on the fire. A fat little man came waddling in with a bucket of milk from the byre. He set it down beside a tall fellow who was polishing a set of silver flagons.

"Seems as if the cows knew we were to have royal company," said the little man. "They never gave better measure than they have to-day."

"Humph!" said the other, as he spat on the silver he was rubbing. They have no choice but to give good measure. King Edward milks you dry whether you will or no!"

"Have a care how you speak, Brother Nicholas," said the milkman. "Here comes the kitchener with a stranger. If I mistake not it is the King's cook."

As he spoke, two men entered the room, one of them wearing cloak and hat as if he had just arrived. He paused as he entered, and looked round the room.

"A spacious kitchen you have here, sir kitchener," he said; "fit to purvey for King Edward."

"Aye," said the other, as they walked up to the fireplace, "the Black Friars of Glasgow have a name for good fare. There's not such another kitchen in the west country. When Bishop Beck was here, 'twas said he would gladly have changed St. Mungo for St. Dominic if only for the sake of his kitchen!"

"Bishop Beck?" said the other. "Is that the fighting Bishop of Durham? Ha! ha! I can well believe that of him. He ever kept a good table. At Rome, they say, he quite outshone the Pope. Here you are," he said to our friend of the brawny arms, who now came forward with his piece of meat ready for the fire. "Here is a hook ready for you."

"A fine flank," said the kitchener, as they hung it on the hook before the fire. "It was taken from a boar caught in the Bishop's forest."

"The more reason for roasting it well," said the King's cook. "That's its neighbour, I suppose, hanging at the other side. It needs turning, I see."

"Here, boys," said the kitchener to Annie and Bobbie, who had now finished their plucking. "Come here and mind these two roasts. Keep them turning."

So the two children were installed at the fireside at a task which they found more to their liking than plucking fowls, for the smell of the roasts made their mouths water. To be sure, Annie was a little sore at being mistaken for a boy; but really it was no wonder, for the brother and sister were dressed exactly alike, and, oddly enough, Bobbie's hair had grown long like Annie's!

"So Bishop Beck was in Glasgow?" the King's cook resumed. "I'll warrant he made things hum?"

"He did that!" said the kitchener, laughing. "He

paid twenty shillings for twenty herrings in Glasgow Fair. We all love our own Bishop Wishart, but the Glasgow tradesmen felt it in their pockets when Bishop Beck was sent packing."

"And how may that have been done?" said the King's cook.

"That's a long story, friend cook," said the kitchener, "the battle of the Bell o' the Brae. Pray be seated, and I will tell you about it." He pushed a wooden stool forward, and while his friend seated himself he paced up and down as if to collect his thoughts.

"Mind you," he said, "let no word of this come to your master's ears, for the name of Wallace is poison to King Edward."

"Nay, nay," said the other; "trust a brother of your own craft. Are we not both knights of the kitchen?"

The kitchener laughed.

"Well, to my story," he said. "'Twas a year or two ago, when Bishop Beck held Glasgow with an English garrison, and our own worthy Bishop lay a prisoner beyond the border. Bishop Beck ruled the west country with a high hand, and though he brought money to Glasgow Fair, there were few who did not long to see Robert Wishart made bishop again.

"Now, Sir William Wallace was beaten by King Edward, you will remember, at Falkirk; but he was

still Guardian of Scotland. At this time he was lying at Ayr, where he had a following of three hundred men. With this handful he resolved to try a brush with the fighting Bishop himself.

"So he got together horses for his little band, taken mostly from the English, and set out secretly from Ayr at ten o'clock at night. By nine o'clock in the morning they had covered the thirty-six miles, and were crossing the Stockwell ford."

"Why not the bridge?" the Englishman broke in. "I crossed it but an hour ago."

"I doubt three hundred armed horsemen would be too heavy for our wooden bridge," the kitchener explained. "Well, once over the ford, Wallace called a halt, and divided his force into two. One half he led himself, while the other he gave to his uncle."

"'Come now, uncle,' he said, 'do you choose to bear up the Bishop's tail, or to go forward and take his blessing?'"

"'Nay, nephew,' said his uncle, who was of a merry wit, 'go you and take the Bishop's blessing, for you were never yet confirmed! I and my men will go round behind and bear up his tail.'"

"So they parted, the older man going round by the east to get in the Bishop's rear, while Wallace, with his hundred and fifty horsemen, came clattering up the High Street. By this time their approach had been observed, and the Bishop, with his thousand

men, was marching down from the castle to meet them.

"It was a dreadful sight; but at any other time you would have laughed to see how the worthy citizens of Glasgow scuttled indoors, leaving the High Street as bare as a boiled bone!

"Well, Wallace and the Bishop's men met under our very windows, and such a fray began as I pray God I may never see again. In the narrow street the Bishop could not bring his thousand men into action, so Wallace with his hundred and fifty held his own. To see Wallace ply his long sword was a thing to strike terror into the stoutest heart. Many an English crest went down before it. At last the Bishop's banner, which was borne by a burly fighting monk, was seen to fall. This seemed to daunt the English.

"Just then the other band of Scots, who had come round by the Drygate, charged down upon the English from the rear. Beset before and behind, the Bishop had no choice but flight. And so with the remnant of his men he took himself off, like a whipped poodle with its tail between its legs!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the king's cook. "He had need of someone to 'bear up his tail' then. Though I am an Englishman, I have no love for Bishop Beck. But tell me, friend, where is Wallace now?"

"You may well ask," said the kitchener. "Nobody knows, except perhaps Bishop Wishart. But

he keeps his own counsel, specially when King Edward is here."

"Well, to each man his own secrets," said the King's cook, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But here comes the Sub-Prior," he added, rising to greet a tall, grey-bearded man who had just entered. "Your kitchener has been showing me the dinner he is making ready for the King's table."

"Trust our friend the kitchener to make a goodly feast," said the Sub-Prior. "But I am in a fix myself. Our grave friars cut but a sorry figure when waiting at the feast, so I bethought me to honour our royal guest by borrowing pages from some of the noble houses round about. Twelve I had in readiness, and here are two of them turned sick. I know not what to do to fill their places."

"What say you to these two young scullions?" said the King's cook. "They are comely boys to be playing the turnspit. Dress them in the King's livery, and no one will guess they come from the kitchen."

Annie and Bobbie felt three pairs of eyes fixed upon them. During the talk they had given more heed to the story of Wallace than to their roasts; but now they turned and turned at their spits as if they had no thought for anything but their task.

"We might do worse," said the Sub-Prior doubtfully. "But who are these, sir kitchener? I do not know them."

"No more do I," said the kitchener. Doubtless they are lent from the Bishop's kitchen. We have one of his cooks here giving a hand."

"What think you, children?" said the Sub-Prior kindly. Could you serve at the King's table?"

Annie and Bobbie looked shyly up, exchanged glances, and nodded. So it was arranged, and the Sub-Prior led them off to be dressed for their new duties.

He gave them to the care of one of the friars, who took them first out into the open court. There, in a trough, the children washed hands and face, and got rid of the traces of the kitchen. They were then taken to a room upstairs, where they were dressed in doublets of crimson velvet and long tight-fitting hose to match. With silver belts and silver buckles on their long-pointed shoes, and with their curly hair combed out, they made as pretty a pair of pages as you could wish.

When the last touches had been put to their dress, the friar took the newly made pages to the dining-hall of the Friary. It was a large hall with a lofty roof of carved oak. The walls were covered with rich tapestry, and on both sides of the room were arched windows. At the far end of the hall was a vast fireplace, empty just now, for it was early autumn and the sun was high in the sky. Across the end of the hall on a platform was a long table spread with a white cloth, while along the length of

the hall were placed two lower tables. The midday meal was being set when the children entered, and around the tables black-robed friars were bustling, and pages dressed like our two young friends.

The newcomers were at once pressed into service, and were kept busy carrying silver plate, arranging cups and flagons, and bringing up meats, tarts, and wines from kitchen and cellar.

In due time all was ready. The friars withdrew and the pages took up their stations. Luckily, Annie and Bobbie were placed together, so that they could help one another if they should forget what they had been told to do. But this was no time for consulting, for voices were heard drawing near to the arched doorway.

The heavy curtain was drawn aside and the company entered. First came Edward himself, richly dressed, and talking with a black-robed man who seemed to be the Prior. Edward I, the Hammer of the Scots, was a tall, powerful man, with grey beard turning to white, but with flashing eyes that age could not dim.

Behind him came a figure scarcely less striking, Robert Wishart, the patriot Bishop of Glasgow. He wore a rich robe of scarlet decked with gold, and, as the breeze from the open window blew its folds apart, Annie noticed the glint of mail underneath. The Bishop was talking to an English lord dressed in light armour with a silk surcoat. After

them came the Sub-Prior, the Archdeacon, and other clerics and knights—in all about forty.

The company stood round the tables while the Bishop offered a prayer in Latin. Then they took their seats.

There was a hum of talk while the pages passed to and fro between the sideboard where the kitchener carved the meat and the tables where the guests were seated. It was some minutes before all were served, and the children had a chance to listen to the talk. At the high table the King was speaking.

"'Tis twelve years, I think, my Lord Bishop, since we first met."

"Your Majesty does me honour to remember," said the Bishop; "'twas in 1289, at Salisbury, where I had been summoned to take counsel with Your Majesty about the coming of the Maid of Norway."

"Ah! had that hapless maid lived," said the King, "it had saved me a deal of trouble!"

"And Scotland too," said the Bishop grimly. But seeing the flash in the King's eye he quickly changed on to a safer subject. "For all that," he said, "I should count no journey lost labour that took me within sight of Salisbury spire."

"True, Salisbury o'ertops them all, and not only in height," the King replied. "But tell me, my Lord Bishop, how goes it with St. Mungo's church?"

"It prospers, my Lord," said the Bishop. "It

may lack something of the grace of Salisbury, for we work in sandstone, not in the freestone of Wiltshire. But our Scottish masons are a match for any in England."

"I am right glad to hear it," said the King, "for they are even now building me a castle at Linlithgow, where I hope to winter. But how far have they carried the work at St. Mungo's?"

"An it please Your Majesty," the Archdeacon joined in, "to honour us with a visit this afternoon, you will find the chancel complete and the nave already showing its head above ground. But just now our chief need is a belfry."

"That is a good work in which I will gladly help," said the King. "I was about to order timber from Luss to be sent to Bothwell, and I will now bid them send ten loads extra to aid your belfry."

"The blessing of St. Mungo on my Lord!" said the Bishop. "Your Highness is generous."

"Generous!" an English lord exclaimed. "Let me but tell you, my Lord Bishop, of an act of royal mercy I beheld in last summer's campaign. We had laid siege to Caerlaverock Castle by the Solway, and a thankless task we found it; for the defenders made so stout a fight, methought we should have to give it up. Not so King Edward. He kept up the siege till the garrison had perforce to yield, and then let them off scot free as a reward for their valour!"

"Peace, peace, Sir Nigel," said the king shortly; "if once I catch that knave Wallace—by St. George, there will be an end of my clemency!"

Silence fell on the company for a moment, and when the talk began again the pages had moved off to attend to guests at one of the lower tables.

Here they were talking of the siege of Berwick, in which all the knights present had borne a part.

"Talk not to me of Edward's mercy!" one of them was saying. "The slaughter of that day will never be forgotten."

"Yes, six years ago Berwick was the Alexandria of the North," said another. "It had no rival but London. And now I doubt if it will ever be great again. Truly Edward has a heavy hand."

They went on to speak of the Scots and their way of fighting, and of the dauntless Wallace; but the children had to be about their duties and could not listen. It was no light work, but they found it good fun.

There was one thrilling moment, towards the end of the meal, when Annie had to present a golden cup of wine to King Edward himself.

"Good vintage this, sir Prior," said the King. "Whence came it?"

"'Twas a cask sent me by the monks of Dumfries," said the Prior. "They had it, I am told, from Spain. I shall tell them their wine was praised by the King."

"'Tis not the first time Your Majesty has drawn rich wine from Dumfries," said Wishart, with a smile.

"How so, my Lord Bishop?" the King asked.

"The richest wine of Scotland is its learning," said Wishart. "Was it not at Dumfries that my Lord took captive Duns Scotus?"

"True," said Edward, laughing; "but his capture has turned to his own gain. For even now students are flocking in thousands to hear him lecture in Oxford. Your Scottish scholar is ever a wanderer. 'Twas so with Michael Scott, who was a guest at my Court many a year since."

"Aye, and even Thomas the Rhymer," said the Prior, "must needs wander into fairyland!"

The company laughed.

"I would that wizard had lived a few years longer," said the King merrily. "He might have given me fair weather for to-morrow's hawking, and added beside to the good cheer of to-day with his minstrelsy."

"If it please Your Majesty," said the Prior, "we have here a minstrel, and now that our meal is done he might sing to us as we sip our wine."

There was a murmur of assent from all the room, and Bobbie was dispatched to bring the old man, who was sunning himself at the door of the Priory.

The minstrel advanced slowly into the hall bearing his harp, and bowed before the King. Then,

seating himself upon a stool, and striking a chord, he began to chant an old ballad.

It told of Lord Beichan, a young Scottish noble, who took his journey into Grand Turkey, and there fell a prisoner into the hands of a Moorish knight. The Moor's daughter took pity on him, and one night secretly set him free. She loaded him with gold and sent him on his way, but not until they had plighted their troth to be man and wife before seven years were spent. So they parted.

“Then whan he cam to Glasgow toon,
A happy, happy man was he;
The ladies a' around him thrang'd,
To see him come frae slaverie.

“His mother she had died o' sorrow,
And a' his brothers were dead but he;
His lands they a' were lying waste,
In ruins were his castles free.

“But gowd will gar the castles graw,
And he had gowd and jewels free;
And soon the pages round him thrang'd,
To serve him on their bended knee.”

In his happiness Lord Beichan forgot the Moorish maid to whom he owed it all. But she did not forget him. In a splendid ship she made the long voyage to Glasgow, and arrived only to find the bells ringing for Lord Beichan's wedding with a Scottish lady. When he saw the Moorish maid,

however, his old love revived, and so in the end they were happily married within the seven years.

The last notes of the harp were drowned in a chorus of applause, and the minstrel was called on for another song. The remains of the meal, however, had now been cleared away, and the pages withdrew to enjoy their own dinner elsewhere.

The afternoon was wearing on when Annie and Bobbie at last sauntered out into the open air. They passed through the court of the Friary and under the covered gateway into the High Street of old Glasgow.

Save for the handsome building of the Black Friars, there was little change since the days of Bishop Jocelin a hundred years before. But to-day, the street was crowded with English soldiers. The children stood for a moment doubtful which way to turn, when a cart came jolting down the street, driven by a man in shabby brown. Surely they had seen that face before?

"Hullo, Murdo; what are you doing here?" Bobbie sang out.

The carter looked startled, and drew up his horse.

"At your service, my little master," he said, touching his hat. "I'm going down to the Bishop's Mill for straw."

It was clear he did not know Bobbie.

"Aren't you Murdo, the Bishop's serf?" Bobbie asked, rather puzzled.

"That I am, as my fathers were before me," said the carter. "Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"No, it's all right, thank you," said Bobbie, feeling rather foolish.

And the cart rumbled slowly on down the High Street.

"Stupid!" said Annie, laughing. "Why, that must be the great-grandson of the Murdo we knew. No wonder he didn't know us!"

Bobbie grinned and scratched his head.

"I suppose that's so," he said; "but really we can't be blamed if we get a little mixed. This is the queerest adventure!"

"Come on, let's go up the street and see how the Cathedral is getting on," Annie proposed.

They soon came in sight of St. Mungo's. The great church stood on the edge of the slope, as it stands now, looking across the glen to the pine-covered slope on the other side. At the west end a tower was rising, no doubt the tower for which the King had promised his aid. The walls of the nave were still quite low, but the masons were busy at work.

As the children came up they were hailed by a man who seemed to be the master mason.

"Good evening, my lads!" he said. "You wear the King's livery, I see. Is your master behind?"

"He was listening to the minstrel when we last saw him," Annie said; "but that was an hour or two ago."

"He'll be here soon, I expect," said the master mason. "Would you like to see over the church till he comes?"

The children were delighted at the offer. To be taken over St. Mungo's by one of its builders was no small favour. Their guide took them first into the great unfinished nave, roofed as yet only by the dome of the sunset sky, and showed them the stately pillars that were one day to bear the arches of the aisles.

They passed out at the south porch and skirted round the building to the noble chancel which had taken the place of Jocelin's older building. His work could still be seen, however, in the lower church under the chancel. They were just about to enter this when a party of horsemen was seen drawing near.

"There is the King," said their guide. "I must leave you now — Here, Andrew," he called to one of the masons, "take these boys up to the triforium."

Andrew took them through the lower church, past the shrine of St. Mungo, to a little door in the corner. This they entered, and climbed a dark spiral stair which brought them out into an arched gallery in the thickness of the wall. There was just room for them to pass along in single file till

they reached a point from which a good view could be had of the church. Holding on to the slender columns they looked over. The chancel stood just as it stands to-day after six hundred years, but they saw it new from the builders' hands. Above was the fine timber of the oak roof, glowing to a rich red as the last rays of the setting sun struck upwards from the windows underneath. Below, with its clustered columns, was the chancel, growing dim as day faded, and lit here and there with candles in readiness for the vesper service. Already a congregation was gathering.

In low tones their friend the mason told them how the church had been built, pointing out the high altar with its flickering lights, and the chapel of the four altars behind. He showed them, too, the beautiful carving of the pillars and arches, and the tall, lancet windows of the east end.

They might have been there half an hour, though with so much to see and hear the children did not notice how time was passing, when the sound of music broke the stillness of the church.

Singing a chant, a slow procession of white-robed figures passed up the church. Among them, wearing his mitre and robes and bearing his crozier, was the tall figure of the Bishop. He mounted the steps and took his seat on the throne, while below, among the worshippers, was King Edward himself.

The vesper service began, the music being sung

by a choir of men and boys, while the prayers were intoned by one or other of the canons. Latin was the language used, so Annie and Bobbie in their lofty perch could not understand what was said, but they listened with awe to the solemn music. The notes seemed to wind in and out among the arches below them, and to linger in the air like the incense smoke that rose from the altar, filling all the church with its sweetness.

The service ended, and the Bishop with raised hand blessed the kneeling throng. Then slowly the church emptied, the Bishop and his white-robed train passing out first, then the royal party, and last of all the common people.

It was nearly dark when Annie and Bobbie bade goodbye to their friend the mason outside the church, but the moon was shining and they easily found their way back to the Friary. Here everyone was busy making ready for the evening meal, which was to be a great affair. In the dining-hall the children found plenty to do, setting the tables, lighting the lamps and candles, and bringing in more seats for the invited guests.

While they were busy in this way the kitchener came up to the hall and called to Bobbie.

"Here, my boy," he said; "I want you to go an errand for me, for I cannot spare anyone from the kitchen. Run down to the cottage below the Bishop's Mill and tell them to send me up two

dozen eggs. Go out by the gate at the back of the cloister; and look sharp."

Annie begged to be allowed to go too, and as the table was now set, the kitchener said she might go with Bobbie.

They passed out into the cloisters and through a little gate to a grassy slope beyond.

"I hope we'll find the Bishop's Mill," said Annie. "I wish we had asked the kitchener."

"Glad we didn't," said Bobbie. "He thinks we are from the Bishop's Castle, and if he found us asking our way, he might want to know more about us."

"I didn't think of that," said Annie. "Lucky we didn't ask! Well, you remember Murdo was bound for the Bishop's Mill to get straw when we met him, and he was going down the street. So I suppose we should go down the same way."

It was quite dark by this time, for the sky had clouded over, but now and then the moon looked out. In one of these blinks they caught sight of a building on the burnside. Going up to it, they found a pile of straw heaped against one wall, which seemed to have been tossed down from the loft above, for the window shutter still stood open.

"Here is where Murdo got his straw," said Annie. "Now we are on the right road."

Following the burn, they soon came to two cottages side by side. Both were dark, for people

seemed to keep early hours in old Glasgow. Annie knocked at the door of the first house, but was answered only by a flutter of wings and a chorus of clucks. It was a henhouse!

"Well, this is the place, all right," laughed Bobbie, "for here we'll get eggs. Let us try the other door."

It took many raps to wake the good man of the house, but when he did come to the door he was glad to hear their errand.

"All right, my masters," he said heartily; "tell the kitchener I will bring the eggs as soon as I can get them looked out."

The children now turned their steps once more towards the Friary. The wind was beginning to rise, and heavy clouds were gathering. As they passed the mill a heavy shower began to fall.

"Quick, Bobbie, let us get in here," said Annie, pushing open the door and almost knocking over a ladder leading to the loft above. "That rain would spoil our velvet doublets, and we must take care of the King's livery."

They pushed the door shut behind them, for the rain was already driving in, and waited in the darkness inside. Minutes passed and the children began to tire of their dark prison.

"What do you say to go up into the loft and see what it is like?" said Bobbie at last.

They swarmed up the ladder and climbed through

a trapdoor into the loft above. By the dim light of the open window they could see that the floor was heaped with straw, which offered a very cosy resting place. But at this moment they were startled by a noise from below.

Peering down through the trapdoor, they saw the door of the mill opened and two men enter, drawing it shut behind them. One of them carried a dark lantern, which he now uncovered, throwing a ring of light about him. He was a tall man dressed in a long dark cloak, with a hood drawn over his head; but he now threw off the hood, showing his white hair and beard. His companion was a younger man of giant size, powerful, and armed like a knight.

"Now, Sir William," said the old man—and at the voice the children started; it was the voice of Bishop Wishart. "Now, Sir William," he said, "we may talk at our ease without fear of spies. Tell me how your cause has prospered since last we met."

"Alas, my Lord, I have had but ill success," said the knight. "I went two years since into France, to beg aid of Philip the Fair against England. Fair he may be, but foul he was to me, for he cast me into prison and held me to ransom to Edward himself. Then he thought better of it, and let me go on to Rome to lay my suit before the Pope."

"Aye, I know of that matter," said the Bishop. "Pope Boniface issued his bull bidding Edward

be gone from Scotland. But the bull is like to be of little avail, for Edward denies the Pope's right over the northern kingdom."

"I doubt my mission at Rome was of small profit," said the knight gloomily. "I have more faith in the sword and our own efforts. Know you what Robert Bruce is about?"

"Ah, the Bruce plays a cautious game!" said the Bishop. "I would he were more of your mind, Wallace."

The children exchanged glances. Could this be Wallace himself?

"The King tells me he will winter at Linlithgow," the Bishop was saying, when the creaking of a hinge made him pause. "Nay, 'tis but the wind swinging the shutter of the window above."

"Were it not well to make sure?" said the knight.

"Nay, 'tis safe. I know it of old," Wishart replied.

Annie and Bobbie did not feel quite so secure! If the knight should come up they would be in a nice fix. Very much scared, they crept to the window and looked out. The sky had cleared and the moon now shone upon the heap of straw below.

There was no need for words. Annie looked at Bobbie, and he nodded. Carefully he climbed half out of the window, and let himself down till he was hanging from the sill. Then, as the wind sighed about the old mill, he dropped noiselessly on to the

straw. Half a minute later Annie landed safely at his side.

With beating hearts, and walking on tiptoe, they stole away from the mill. Once out of hearing they ran up the slope, pushed open the gate, and were safe at last within the cloisters.

When they entered the building all was astir. The friars stood talking in eager groups, with grave and anxious faces. Word had reached King Edward that Wallace had been seen on the road to Glasgow, and the English soldiers were out searching the town.

What were the children to do? They could not let Wallace be caught for want of a word of warning. The mill was outside the town. If he were told in time he might yet escape. At any rate they would try.

Arm in arm they strolled out into the court of the Friary. No one noticed the two idle pages as they sauntered into the dark, or saw how they quickened their pace when they reached the cloisters. They slipped through the gate and ran down the slope to the mill.

The door was shut when they arrived, out of breath. They knocked, but got no answer. They knocked again.

"Sir William! Sir William Wallace!" they cried.

"Who is there?" came the answer in a low voice.

"Sir William, flee, flee! The English are searching for you."

The door was opened and the children burst in.

"Who are these?" said Wallace.

"Why, as I live," said the Bishop, "these are two of the pages who waited at the King's table. How knew you that Wallace was here, children?"

"This is no time for questions," said Wallace. "Enough that they have given us warning. I pray you be gone, my Lord Bishop. Your life is forfeit if you are found in parley with Wallace."

"Your life counts more for Scotland than mine, Sir William," said the old man. "I must return to the Friary, where the King awaits me. Make you haste to cross the Clyde. The bridge will be guarded by the English, but a hundred yards below it you will find a boat moored."

Wallace gripped the Bishop's hand, and was turning to go, when the old man stopped him.

"Stay," he said; "the boat will be missed if it is not at its mooring, and the English will know you have crossed. Take these two boys with you to bring the boat back to this side."

So they parted, and Wallace strode off, with Annie and Bobbie running by his side. They skirted the town, keeping as much as they could under cover of bushes, and crossing the highroad only after they had made sure that no one was near. Then they struck down to the riverside, keeping

their eyes on the rushes to find the boat. They found it after a little search. The children took their seats in the stern, while Wallace loosed the moorings, took up the oars, and pushed out from the bank. A mist lay on the river and screened them from the eyes of any of the search party who might have been upon the bank.

With long, silent strokes Wallace rowed the boat till they drew near to the other side. Since parting with the Bishop he had not spoken, but was deep in thought. Only now he seemed to remember the children.

"You have done well, my boys," he said kindly, "and I thank you for it. You have saved the life of Wallace, and, please God, I shall yet live to make Scotland free."

The boat touched the bank, and he stepped ashore. A few moments and he was lost to sight.

Annie and Bobbie were as in a dream. To have such words spoken to them by Sir William Wallace might well make their hearts beat faster! Picking up the oars, they pushed out from the bank, and then settled in their seats to try to row. That they had never handled oars before did not seem to matter to them; their hearts were too full. So long as the boat moved they cared not how it went.

Suddenly the boat bumped, and a voice hailed them:

"Hey there, where are you going?"

A hundred lights flashed out and danced upon the river. From the bridge long ribbons of light streamed out along the water, moving across the river and met by others from the other side. Could it be—yes, the lights were from electric cars!

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the voice that had hailed them before. "If it's no twa bairns adrift! What are you doing here, my weans?"

The speaker was the night-watchman, who was sitting smoking on a barge moored with some others in mid-stream. The children were rather dazed to have bumped into the everyday world in this sudden fashion.

"We were trying to row over to the Glasgow side," said Annie.

The man laughed.

"You were making a poor show at it, my lassie," he said. (It was at least good to be a girl again, Annie thought.) "Shall I row you ower to the other side?"

The children were glad to accept the offer, though it was rather a downcome after having been rowed across by Sir William Wallace!

The kindly watchman got into his own boat and towed them across to the north bank. There he moored their boat at the foot of a flight of steps, and, after seeing them safely ashore, rowed back to his barge.

How had it all happened? As they were whirled home in the car, they tried to recollect the events of the day. They had come down Wishart Street—Wishart Street! to be sure that must have been named after the worthy bishop—and up the Drygate to the High Street, where Wallace had fought with Bishop Beck. At College Station they had turned aside to look the time, and—well, the time had slipped back six hundred years, and taken them with it to the Black Friars Convent that used to stand there.

That night, before they went to bed, Annie and Bobbie took down the *History of Glasgow* from its shelf. They read there of the visit of Edward I to Glasgow in 1301. No mention was made of the secret visit of Wallace, for no one knew of that except the Bishop and the children, and the secret was kept. But, alas! four years later Wallace was betrayed and captured a mile or two from Glasgow. And Bishop Wishart? When Wallace was gone, Bishop Wishart was one of the stoutest champions of Robert the Bruce. He was taken, clad in mail, by the English, and cast into prison. And when after the Battle of Bannockburn he was set free, he returned, old and blind, to die in Glasgow, and find his last resting place in St. Mungo's church.

Ah, Glasgow, what strange histories lie buried under your grey stones!



The Old College Gateway

Town and Gown

THE clock in the University spire had just struck three, and its mellow note lingered in the air like a sweet memory. Far below in the shady nooks of Kelvingrove the Saturday idlers pulled out their watches to check the time. Around the duckpond children were watching the funny antics of the water-fowl as they dived and swam, or sunned themselves on the bank.

On one of the seats beside the pond our two friends were sitting. A book lay open between them, and they looked very bored and sleepy. As the deep notes from the University spire died out, Annie yawned, looked up into the green branches over her head, and stretched herself.

"Look here, Bobbie," she said, pushing the book

towards her brother, "you might hear me now. I think I can say it off."

It was her lesson for Monday, and she found it very dull.

"Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdës right delicious;
The boughës bloomëd broad above my head,
The ground growing with grasses gracious:
Of all pleasance that place was plenteous,
With odours sweet and birdës harmony,
The morning mild, my mirth was more forthy."

"What does *forthy* mean?" she said, yawning.
"I forget."

But Bobbie was looking dreamily up at the spire, and had to look for the place before he could answer.

"*Forthy*?" he said at last; "the note says it means *therefore*. Go on with the next verse—*Me to conserve*."

"Me to conserve then from the sunnës heat,
Under the shadow of a hawthorn green,
I leanëd down among the flowers sweet;
Soon made a cross and closëd both my een.
On sleep I fall'n among these boughës been;
And in my dream, methought came through the shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw.

"His gown was——"

How did the next verse go? Bobby gave no help, for he was nodding. She knitted her brow and shut her eyes.

"His gown was—— His gown was——"

She opened her eyes. Before her stood a tall man in a black gown and red hood—"the fairest man that ever before she saw"—looking at her with an amused smile, as he talked in a low voice with an older man also dressed in a gown.

"I see, Maister Boyd," he said, "that Glasgow Grammar School has its sleepy heads e'en like my school in Dunfermline."

Annie glanced over her shoulder, waking Bobbie as she did so, and they found themselves in a large, low room with rough benches, on which a score of boys were sitting conning their lessons. What new adventure was this? They listened with all their ears.

"True, Maister Henryson," the older man replied; "bairns are much alike east and west, as we poor dominies know. But, sir, you have brought new honour to our calling, you that are a maker of poetry. Pray, what brings you to Glasgow, may I ask?"

"I came to see your University, since it has done me the honour to enrol me among its masters. But that reminds me of my business. To-day is the feast of St. Nicholas, and after the banquet the masters and students are to act the Shepherds' Play. I came to ask if you could lend us two of your boys to help in one of the scenes."

"Right welcome, Maister Henryson," said the

dominie. "I will make them recite, and you can choose the best—Thomas Wauch," he shouted, for there was a hum of talk all over the class, "recite your verses to Maister Henryson."

A boy at the back of the room stood up and repeated a dozen lines of Latin without a pause.

"Enough, enough," said the dominie. "Now, Elphinstone, you take your turn."

The same thing was gone through with eight or nine boys, the pick of the class. Maister Henryson shook his head.

"All are good," he said, with a smile, "but none better than another. Let us try sleepy-head," and he signed to Annie to begin.

Poor Annie! What was she to do? She got upon her feet with her head in a whirl, and began to say the first thing that came to her mind.

"Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdes right delicious——"

But she got no further, for the class broke into disorder. "Latin, Latin," they cried.

"Stay!" said Maister Henryson, smiling, and holding up his hand to make them be still. "Let be. It is my own verses that are being recited!"

So Annie had to go through the two stanzas as best she could.

"Fairly done," he said kindly, patting her on the head as she finished. "I could not have done it

better myself. And since I was at a loss to choose among your Latinists, Maister Boyd, I will e'en take this sleepy-head who gives me my own verses."

"Take him, and his neighbour too, an you will," said the dominie, "for, truth to tell, I know them not. Age has so dimmed my eyes that I know not my own scholars."

So without more ado Annie and Bobbie left their bench and followed Maister Henryson out of the school into the High Street of old Glasgow. In front of them was the building of the Black Friars, where on their last visit they had served at the table of Edward I. A stately church had been built since that date, its spire soaring high above the surrounding buildings. To the north of the Friary was a group of new houses, larger than the others, but low and plainly built. Towards these their friend now turned his steps.

"How came you to learn my poem, sleepy-head?" he asked, taking Annie's hand. "But, by my troth, 'tis a girl!" and he laughed aloud. "Maister Boyd may well plead dim eyes if he cannot tell a ewe from a ram!"

Annie flushed; but instead of feeling angry she joined in the laugh. and Bobbie too.

"To be sure," their new friend said, "it was ewes I went to seek; for you are to be the sheep in our play."

"What are we to do?" Bobbie ventured.

"You will be told in good time," said Maister Henryson, "never fear. But here we are at the University, and I see we are too late, for here comes the St. Nicholas procession."

As he spoke, a line of black-robed horsemen, each bearing flowers and a branch of blossom, began to file out from the courtyard.

"I must make haste to join them," said their friend. "Meet me in a couple of hours in the lower church at the Cathedral."

And with a wave of his hand Maister Henryson turned aside to the stables to get his horse.

Left to themselves the children found plenty to interest them. They followed the procession as it threaded its way down the crowded High Street, the branches of green borne by the students and masters nodding over their horses' heads. At the Cross the procession turned and filed slowly up the hill again till it passed once more through the gate into the yard of the University.

Annie and Bobbie had now time to look about them. The street was full of a gay throng of gossiping people, especially before the booths which clustered round the new Market Cross at the foot of the High Street. On the counters were displayed salted fish and meat, shoes, pots, and clothing of homely colours. Gaily coloured cloths from Flanders and silks from Italy caught the eyes of the

womenfolk, while for the men there was a tempting display at the armourer's stall of swords and daggers, bowstaves and arrows, and a strange weapon called an arquebus, which they were told was one of the new firearms. The children could buy nothing, for they had no money, but they did not mind that when there was so much to see.

Glasgow had grown since the days of Bishop Wishart. Already there were houses along the Gallowgate, and along the Trongate as far as the West Port. Even the Bridgegate had a few houses straggling out towards the river. Down this road the children wandered to the Clyde, where a fine stone bridge of eight arches had taken the place of the old wooden one. At the gate of the bridge was a wooden hut where the tollkeeper had his stand, ready to take his penny from all who came to market.

As the children made their way down to the water's edge a boy's face popped out from beneath the first arch, stared at them for a moment, and drew back with a shout: *Wolf! Wolf!* Instantly there was a babel of shouts and splashing, and in a minute half a dozen big boys scrambled out from below the arch, with shirts half on and their other clothes under their arms, and made a bolt for Bridgegate, stopping only to let fly a shower of stones at our two friends, with jeering cries of *Wolf! Wolf!*

Annie and Bobbie just escaped the stones by dodging behind the toll booth.

"What was that for?" they exclaimed together, as the stones battered upon the roof or splashed harmlessly into the river.

"I'm sure I don't know what they mean," said Annie, peering cautiously after their retreating foes.

A chuckle at their back made them turn, and they found the tollkeeper laughing at them.

"You must be strangers here," he said, "not to know the ways of the students. Bathing is against the college rules, and they mistook you for *wolves*—for so they call the students that are set to spy on the others, and tell the regent when rules are broken. You are from the country, I dare say," he added, "come to town to see the play?"

"Well, yes, we *have* come to see what is doing," Annie answered.

"There are great doings in Glasgow to-day," said the tollkeeper. "You see, our Bishop is just returned from York, where he has been making peace with the English. And Bishop Kennedy (bless his grey head, what would Scotland do without him?)—Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews—has come to Glasgow to see him, and has brought the young King too. So there will be a gallant party at the play-acting. I would I might be there too!"

At this moment a pedlar with a pack horse was seen coming across the bridge, and as he haggled

over the paying of the toll, the children turned their steps towards the town. They were loitering beside the Cross, watching a poor fellow who for some mischief done was set with his feet in the stocks, when the town crier passed, calling out that the play was to begin in half an hour in the High Kirk.

Annie and Bobbie quickened their pace, for they did not wish to be late, and they were eager to find what was to be their part in the play. Beyond the University and round about the Rottenrow and the Drygate they found that the bare slope had been laid out in gardens, in each of which stood a house, solidly built of stone, some of them beautiful with creepers. Manses they seemed to be, for as the children hurried past they saw from one door and another black-robed figures coming out and making towards the Cathedral.

There before them stood the great church, complete at last, for the nave on which the masons had just begun work in the days of Bishop Wishart was now finished. Indeed the Cathedral looked very much as it looks to-day, except that it had a fine western tower and library house, which have since been destroyed, and over against the west front was the Bishop's Castle, where to-day there is only a pillar to mark the site.

From the crowds pressing round the door it was clear that the spacious nave was already full. Annie and Bobbie, however, slipped round to the back and

entered the lower church by the side door, as they had been directed. Here a strange sight met their eyes. Masters and students dressed in the oddest costumes—as angels, women, shepherds, kings, and devils—were standing about in groups, talking or reciting their parts. Maister Henryson, who seemed to be in charge of the play, hailed the children.

“Ah, here are our two lost sheep!” he said.

“But who are these?” asked one of the masters.

“I borrowed them from the Grammar School,” he explained. “The two students I had picked for the part proved to be black sheep, and, being caught in some brawl, they were forbidden by the regent to play the part of honest sheep. So come, my ewe lambs,” he said to the children, “I will take you round to the library, where your fleeces are kept.”

As they passed round the north side of the church their friend explained what they were to do on the stage. They were for most of the time to lie still like good sheep, but Annie was to struggle a little when the sheep-stealer carried her off. That was the only hint their friend would give of what was to happen.

They were just entering the library house when Maister Henryson drew back. “Ah, there are the Bishops!” he said under his breath, bowing at the same time to two aged men in splendid robes who were within. At a sign from them he entered, bowing again to a young boy in the corner, who was,

however, too deeply buried in his book to notice the newcomers.

"Pray pardon me," said Maister Henryson, "this is our robing-room for the play, and these are my two youngest actors, who are to be dressed as sheep."

"Ask not pardon of us," said the older Bishop smiling; "we are all but sheep of the one Shepherd. You are most welcome, Maister Henryson, for we look for great pleasure this day, no less than the common folk, from your play of the shepherds."

While the children were tying on their fleeces, the two Bishops and Maister Henryson turned over the volumes of the library. Some were chained to the desks, while others stood on shelves and in presses and boxes.

"I would I had such a library in St. Andrews for my new college of St. Salvator," said the elder Bishop. "Ah, here you have the *Catholicon*," and he eagerly turned the closely written pages of a huge Latin dictionary. "When I came last from Rome, I saw in Germany this very book being printed by Gutenberg in his new printing press."

"Aye," said the other, "with the printing press they will soon print as many books as would have satisfied the good Pope Nicholas himself! But I must show you the charter which Pope Nicholas granted for the founding of our University, thirteen

years ago." He took from a strong chest a scroll of parchment and spread it out on the table. "It bears the seal of His Holiness himself, you will observe—Nicholas V—and the date, 1451."

The old Bishop was bending to look more closely, when he started, then laughed aloud; for the children, forgetting their manners and their sheep's clothing in their eagerness to see, had thrust their woolly heads between him and the parchment. Maister Henryson pulled them back sharply with some word of reproof, but the good Bishop would not suffer him to scold.

"Chide them not," he said. "We are all sheep, and they are but lambs. But I doubt your shepherds must now be nigh ready to begin their play. It is time we took our places to see the show."

So with a word of greeting the two Bishops left the library, and Maister Henryson hurried the children round to the lower church, where the players were waiting.

"I fear you are as black sheep as the other two," he said merrily, "to show such scant respect to Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews. Why, he has ruled Scotland these last four years, ever since that luckless cannon blew itself up and King James II with it."

But there was no time for further talk, for in the lower church all was bustle and haste. The children, dressed in their sheepskins, were taken to

their places and told to wait their turn to go upon the stage.

Presently the sign was given, and the children trundled on to the stage on all-fours, feeling very sheepish even if they did not look very like sheep. Peering from under their fleeces they could see the great nave of the Cathedral packed with people, from the Bishops and nobles in the front seats to the boys perched in a far window which was without glass. There was a buzz of talk when our two sheep appeared upon the scene, cropping the grass that lay strewn upon the boards. But a moment later a hush fell on the audience as the first actor stepped on to the stage.

He was dressed as a shepherd, and began pouring out the story of his hard lot. Soon two other shepherds joined him, each with a tale of woe, although there was many a jest thrown in to make the people laugh. Then to cheer their own spirits, they sang a song and made ready their supper. At this moment a peasant appeared on the scene, Mac by name. They were none too glad to see him, for he bore an ill repute as a scamp and a thief besides. But Mac had a smooth tongue, and soon won them over. They let him share their supper, and even lie beside them when they lay down to sleep.

What was to happen now? The children were not long left in doubt, for Mac soon showed that he did not mean to sleep. Raising himself upon

his elbow he cast a stealthy glance upon the drowsy shepherds, got upon his feet, and tiptoed over to where the sheep were peacefully lying. Then, after some mocking words to the sleeping shepherds, he hoisted Annie under his arm and made off. Annie struggled lustily, as she had been told to do. But the only result was that Bobbie, craning his neck to watch her, so far forgot himself that he let his face be seen by the onlookers, and was greeted with a roar of laughter.

The next scene was in Mac's cottage, where he arrived with Annie still under his arm. His wife gave him but a sorry welcome, for she feared that his illgotten goods would get them into trouble. Between them, however, they hit upon a plan which, they thought, would save them from being found out. Leaving the sheep in the cottage, Mac went back to where the shepherds were still sleeping, and lay down beside them as if nothing were amiss.

Morning came, and the shepherds were early astir. Mac bade them goodbye, and went his way home, thinking all was well. But the shepherds soon missed the stolen sheep, and, guessing who was the thief, set out for Mac's cottage. He met them at the door with friendly greetings, as if he knew nothing of their errand, but was sorry he could not ask them in. A baby had just been born, he said, and strangers would frighten it.

But the shepherds would not be put off by Mac's

make-believe, or by his angry words when they hinted that he had stolen the sheep. Find that sheep they must; so they came in and searched the cottage. It was all as Mac had said. His wife was lying in bed, and near by was the cradle, covered with a cloth—a clout as they called it.

Half-ashamed of having doubted Mac's word, the shepherds took their leave. But they had only gone a few steps when one of them stopped short:

“Gave ye the child anything?” he asked.

“I trow not one farthing,” said the other.

So the good fellows turned back with a sixpence for the baby, and you may be sure Mac gave them no welcome! He had no wish to let them see his baby.

Mac. Nay, go away, he sleeps.

Shepherd. Methinks he peeps.

Mac. When he wakens he weeps.

Shepherd. Give me leave him to kiss and lift up the clout. (*He does so.*)

What the deil is this? He has a long snout!

For sure enough this was no baby but the stolen sheep, Annie herself!

A great shout of laughter went up from the on-lookers, swelling to a roar when, in the scuffle that followed, the cradle was upset, and Annie in her sheepskin tumbled out on to the stage. But the fun reached its height when the shepherds, seizing some of the bedclothes, tossed Mac in a blanket till the rogue was fain to cry for mercy.

Annie and Bobbie, their own part finished, watched the fun from the steps at the side of the stage. But now the play took a strange turn. An angel appeared to the shepherds with the news that "Unto us a child is born", and there followed in simple and homely style the old story of Bethlehem. For all this fun and frolic had been but the opening scene of a Scripture history. But presently there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, so that the children had to come down from the steps to make room for the white-winged actors, and could see no more.

"Well, that was pretty good fun," said Bobbie.

"Rather!" said Annie. "Come on and get our sheepskins off. I was just about roasted in that cradle."

They slipped out of the church, and went back to the library to "disrobe". The young boy who had been there before was still deep in his book.

"May we come in?" Annie asked timidly.

He glanced up from his reading and eyed them coolly, looking them up and down as if they had indeed been sheep. His eyes seemed to say: "What business have you to be speaking to me?" then, as if changing his mind, he smiled and said:

"Come in and take your fleeces off. You have been acting in the Shepherds' Play, I suppose?"

"Yes, we were the sheep," said Bobbie, as they untied their sheepskins, "and Annie was the one

that was stolen. Were you not there to see the fun?"

"No. I saw it last month in Edinburgh," their friend replied. "It was acted before the English Queen and the Prince by the crafts of Edinburgh, and some of my friends had a hand in it. I did not care to see it again here, so I have been reading instead in this old book to pass the time. It is the *Life of St. Mungo*, and see, the margin is adorned with pictures skilfully wrought in colours."

They turned over the stiff, glossy pages, looking at the quaint pictures, bright with gold and colour, of St. Mungo's life. They could not read the Latin writing, but no one could mistake the pictures. Here was the bird that was healed, and here the bush that took fire, and, to be sure, here was the famous fish with the ring!

"Have you seen the St. Mungo window that George Kirkland is making?" their friend asked. "No? It is to fill the empty window at the foot of the nave. He has taken his designs from these pictures. Come and I will show you his work." And he led the way towards a wooden shed behind the church.

Kirkland, he told them, came from the famous masons' school at Kilwinning, and was the best worker in stained glass in all the west country.

As they entered the shed Kirkland was bending over the kiln, its glare lighting his face as he

peered inside. Without rising from his knee he nodded to their friend, as if he were a frequent visitor there, and began carefully to draw something white-hot from the glowing charcoal. It was a thin sheet of an odd shape and about the size of a saucer, and as it slowly cooled it turned out to be glass. Dull and dirty it looked at first, until Kirkland polished it and held it against the light, when they saw that it bore the likeness of a man's face.

"Right this time," said the artist; "those shadows below the eyes have made all the difference."

He passed the piece of glass to their young friend, who looked it over as if he knew all about it.

"Good!" he said. "Now let us see how it looks when set in its place."

Kirkland laid it upon a smooth, white table on which were scattered a number of oddly shaped pieces of coloured glass. With deft fingers he shifted these about, fitting them together like the pieces of a puzzle, till a picture began to take shape before their eyes. It was St. Mungo finding the lost ring in the fish—a pretty picture indeed, but not very like the scene as Annie and Bobbie remembered it!

"There now," said the artist, as he set the last piece in its place. "You see that I have kept pretty close to my copy in the old book, only using a little more red. Look at that ruby;" and he picked out from the saint's robe a piece of red glass, darkened here and there to show the folds of the cloth.

"There's sparkle for you," he said with pride, as he held it up to let the sunlight glitter through. "To my mind a foot of that ruby is worth an ell of the silver-white they use so much of these days."

"I like your ruby lights," the boy said, "but the silver-white of the new windows has a softness to the eye. Have you seen the windows of the new Blackfriars Church?" he asked, turning to the children.

Annie and Bobbie shook their heads, and so it was agreed that they should all go off to the Blackfriars. Their young friend, whoever he might be, seemed to know all about the masons' art, for he talked of one master craftsman after another, and of the great abbey at Kilwinning, which he was very eager that they should see.

They had not gone very far, however, when they were startled by a shout, and a moment later half a dozen big boys pounced upon them, and they were prisoners.

"Aha, my wolf-cub!" said one of them, who had Bobbie by the arm. "Was it not enough that you came spying on us this morning by the river, but you must put me out of my part in the play? Eh, my wolf in sheep's clothing!" and he gave Bobbie's arm a twist.

Annie and Bobbie stoutly denied that they had been spying in the morning, and declared that at any rate their friend had not been there. But it

was of no use. They had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and off they must go to the Pedagogy. To shout for help would have been waste of breath, for the whole town seemed to have gone to the Cathedral to see the play.

The three captives were marched up the Rotten-row to the Pedagogy, as the students' hall was called, and dragged up a dark stair to a large ill-furnished room. A big burly fellow was seated at the window mending a flute. From his age he looked as if he might be one of the masters, but he soon showed himself to be the ringleader of the students' revels.

"What are these yellow-beaks you have brought me?" he cried.

Three or four voices began to answer at once, when he held up his hand.

"Stay!" he said. "Bid them first spread the table, and wait upon us, and afterwards I will judge of their case."

So our three friends had to fetch mugs and ale from cupboard and press, and had meanwhile to bear the taunts of the idle bullies. Then somebody called for a song, and to the cracked music of the flute the company struck up a students' ditty:

This our order doth prescribe
Every morning matins;
When they leave their beds, our tribe
In the tap sing latins.

No one, none shall wander forth
Fasting from the table,
If thou'rt poor, from south to north
Beg as thou art able.¹

This and many another profane song, most of them in Latin, were bawled out as the ale went round.

At last the leader called for silence.

"Bring forth these yellow-beaks," he said. And when the three captives had been made to stand before him, "Now tell me, learned brethren," he said to the students, "what complaint you have to bring against them."

Then began an uproar. One declared that the children had played the wolf that morning in spying upon the bathers; another said that they had taken the place of two students who had been wrongly deprived of their parts in the play; another that he had seen them in the mason's hut behind the Cathedral.

This last charge was greeted with shouts and jeers. The leader put on an air of mock gravity as he addressed the prisoners.

"This is a grave offence. A yellow-beak must have no dealings with any craft. 'Twixt town and gown there can be no fellowship. This mixing with the crafts—'tis the very plague, and there is no stopping it. They say, indeed, it hath touched the young King himself, and that he talks freely with

¹ Symond's Translation (adapted).

masons and other craftsmen. Therefore before we can admit you to our fellowship you must be purged of this plague. What say you, lads," he added, addressing the students. "Shall we purge these yellow-beaks in the manner I told you of, the way I learned in Rhine-land?"

"*Placet, placet,*" they all shouted; and Annie and Bobbie, who knew no Latin, could at least see that they were all of one mind.

"Be it known to you, then, yellow-beaks," the leader began, clearing his voice, "that ye are foul beasts, and unfit for the company of this University. True, your fleeces have already been shorn; but yet ye carry horns and hoofs, and—hey, Donald, open that door, they stink to heaven! But be not overmuch cast down, yellow-beaks; we have here a skilled leech who will purge you and make you fit for the company of learned men."

Then the fun began—for the students if not for their victims! The children were stretched upon the table and held down, in spite of their struggles, by the students. Then the doctor pretended to saw off their horns and their hoofs, while another student smeared their hands and faces with some greasy stuff—"to take away the smell".

At last the doctor's work was done. They were purged, he said, but the sawing off of horns and hoofs had brought them very near to death. Quick, they must confess!

One of the students, slipping on a black gown, leaned over them as they lay pinned on the table, and pretended to listen to their confession. He made up a dozen different crimes which he declared they had confessed. Then came the point of all this make-believe: as a penance for these crimes the yellow-beaks must pay for a banquet for the students!

At last they were allowed up, but only that they might be searched for money. On Annie they found nothing; on Bobbie nothing; but when they searched their third victim they found—oh, joy!—a golden crown.

“Aha, yellow-beak,” said the leader, as he turned the gold coin in his hand, “this is the yellow I like! This will make a royal feast. See, take that,” and he tossed him a shilling, “and fetch more ale, while we take counsel how we shall spend our fortune.”

The “yellow-beak” had no need to be told twice. He picked up the shilling, and, with a meaning glance at Annie and Bobbie, bolted downstairs, slamming the door behind his back. The children were now left in peace, while the students fell to talking, singing, or playing with dice. The minutes slipped by till quarter of an hour passed.

“I doubt that young yellow-beak is trying his wings,” said one of the students.

Suddenly there was a noise of many feet on the

stair, the door burst open, and a score of young men poured into the room. Annie and Bobbie made for the cupboard. They were just in time, for in a moment a free fight was in full swing. Desks and stools were upset, books flew about the room. But it did not last long; the attack was too strong, and the students were soon taken prisoners, each held fast by two sturdy men.

For a moment there was a lull, with no sound heard save puffing and panting. Just then a step sounded on the stair, and in walks our friend "yellow-beak".

"What, ho, my masters," he said, with a toss of his head, "what means this? Did you not say just now that students must have no dealings with any craft? Yet here you are arm-in-arm with my friends the masons."

A shout of laughter cut him short, while the students could only splutter with rage. But our friend "yellow-beak" was not finished yet. With a stamp of his foot he shouted above the noise.

"Take them out and duck them in the ditch!"

It was now the turn of the students to be pushed downstairs in much the same way as two hours before they had dragged their prisoners up. They were taken across the road and down a slope to a pool of filthy water, and there without more ado they were ducked, amid the jeers of a crowd of townsfolk who had gathered to see the fun.

Meanwhile Annie and Bobbie slipped away with their friend, glad to be out of their scrape. They went first to a trough, where they washed off the worst of the mess with which the students had anointed them.

"Come up to the castle," said the boy, "and we shall get tidied up properly."

He led the way to the Bishop's Castle, passed through the court, and was entering the great portal, when he was hailed by a knight, richly dressed, and wearing a sword at his side.

"Ah, here is my pupil!" he said, laying a hand on their friend's shoulder. "We have searched the whole castle for Your Highness. Your aged guardian, the Bishop, is in a fever lest some harm may have befallen you."

The knight led them to the main hall of the castle, Annie and Bobbie following because they knew not what else to do. Bishop Kennedy was walking restlessly back and forth between the window and the great fireplace, while Maister Henryson was standing at a desk, reading aloud from an open book. When the Bishop caught sight of the children, "Ah, my son!" was all he could say, pressing the young boy to his side. "Where has Your Highness been hiding these two hours?" he asked at last. "You have put us to great alarm."

The young King (for it was now clear that "yellow-

beak" had a gold crown of another sort than the one he had lost) then told the story of their adventure with the students, and how he had brought the masons to the rescue. As he told of the ducking in the pool the good Bishop could not forbear to smile.

"What thinks Sir Archibald Boyd?" he said, turning to the knight. "You have this day become the King's tutor. What think you of his mingling thus freely with masons?"

"Well," said the knight, "as between the men of learning and the craftsmen, he would seem to have done well in choosing the latter. But methinks the mischief has all come from his going with these two children. Who are they?" and he looked with no kindly eye upon Annie and Bobbie.

"If I might say a word," Maister Henryson broke in, "these are my two sheep who took part in the Shepherds' Play. Your Grace may remember that in the library, when I would have rebuked them, you pled for their pardon. With all reverence, I would humbly crave the same favour of Your Grace. We are all sheep, and they are but lambs."

The old Bishop laughed. "You plead well, Maister Henryson," he said, "and since all has ended well, we can afford to forgive. But now go on with your reading, for I can listen now with an easy mind."

Maister Henryson turned to his book and read in his rich, deep voice:

“Me to conserve then from the sunnës heat,
Under the shadow of a hawthorn green
I leanëd down among the flowers sweet;
Soon made a cross and closëd both my een.
On sleep I fall’n among those boughës been;
And in my dream, methought came through the shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw.

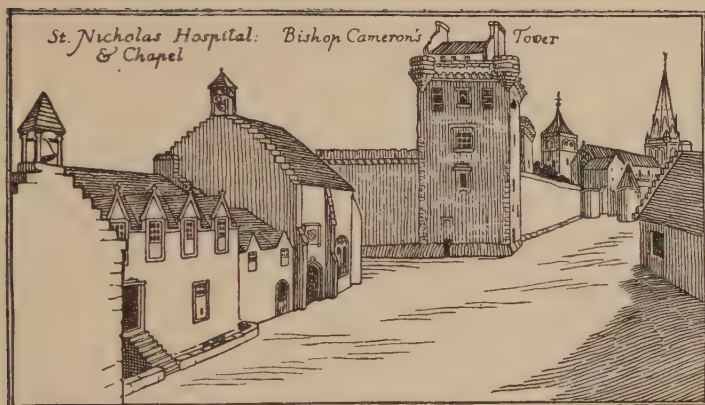
“His gown was of a cloth as white as milk——”

“That’s how the line goes!” Annie exclaimed, turning to her brother. “Why, it’s gone!”

Yes, it was gone. The children were back again on the seat beside the pond in Kelvingrove, with the book open at the unfinished poem; and Maister Henryson, the King, the Bishop, the castle itself, were all gone.

Good Bishop Kennedy, even when they saw him, was near the end of his days; but for King James III sad years were in store. For Sir Archibald, his new tutor, proved false to his trust; and when the boy King grew to man’s estate, his liking for masons and men of low rank brought him only trouble to the end of his days.

So all these lived their lives until “on sleep they fall’n among the boughës been”, and only the University endured. And there, after four and a half centuries, it stood crowning the hill, and in the lofty spire the clock struck four, and its mellow note lingered in the air like a sweet memory.



The Battle of Langside



STRESS BAILLIE! Mistress Baillie!
Saw you ever the like?"

The children woke up to find themselves huddled on a doorstep, and a serving maid stooping over them with pitying eyes. At the summons a matronly lady from within came out to the door, and, catching sight of the two waifs:

"Poor bairns!" she said. "I doubt there's been many another honest bairn sleeping this night in the open air in Glasgow."

"To let the soldiers have the bairns' beds?" the maid exclaimed. "Mischief tak the Regent, and a' his men! The poor bairns!"

"Bring them ben, Lizzie, and give them their porridge before ye send them home," said the good lady, smiling and patting Annie on the cheek as she stood up, sleepy and rather puzzled.

The children were ushered into a good-sized kitchen, the low roof supported by oaken beams. On the right was the fireplace, where a pot was hanging over the glowing logs, filling the air with a smell of porridge that was grateful to the hungry children.

The pair were soon seated on the two window seats, each with a bowl of steaming porridge and a horn spoon, while at a side table the mistress was busy preparing some meat for the spit. Lizzie, the maid, was sweeping the floor, but every now and then she would stop her work to talk.

"I tell you, Mistress Baillie," she said, "I ken one person who would no be sorry to see the last o' Regent Moray. I'd like to see them serve him as they served the Regent Arran in my faither's time, at the Battle o' the Butts."

"Havers, lassie," said Mrs. Baillie, laughing, "it was the Regent Arran who won at the Butts! Glasgow folk had good reason to mind that, for Arran's men plundered the town and carried away the very doors from our houses."

"Maybe you're right," said Lizzie, not the least put out. "But I care not for any regent while bonny Mary is still Queen o' Scots."

"Wheesht, Lizzie," said her mistress, sprinkling the salt over her meat, "have a care how you speak o' the Regent Murray, with him staying just ower the way. He's a good friend of Mr. Baillie's. Though, for a' that, I like to hear you stand up for Queen Mary."

There was silence for a minute, while Lizzie plied her broom and the children their spoons. Annie and Bobbie exchanged glances, but said nothing. Mary Queen of Scots, how that name set their pulses dancing!

"Ah, the bonny leddy!" Lizzie broke out again. "Do you mind, Mistress Baillie, how the Queen aye likit her porridge thin? I've made them thin ever since I made them for ma leddy. Is your porridge right, bairns?"

"Thank you, it's very nice," said Annie, breaking silence for the first time. "But" (and she flushed a little) "do you mean that Queen Mary lived in this house?"

"Aye, that she did," said Lizzie. "Did ye no ken that? It was about a year syne, when Lord Darnley (the king as he was then) was lying sick o' the smallpox in the castle yonder. The Queen, she came to Glasgow to visit him, and she put up here. And every day she would gang across to the castle and sit wi' him by the hour. You'll no get me to believe she had ony hand in the killing o' him afterwards, when they went back to Edinburgh."

Na, na!" and she tossed her head as she took up her broom again.

"Ah, weel, Lizzie," said Mistress Baillie, "even if she was to blame, she has had to suffer for it, poor lady, locked up all this time in Loch Leven Castle. And now that she has escaped we'll wish her good luck. Have some more porridge, bairns," she added; "you're surely not finished. Finished? Ah, weel, you can run away home now. And you, Lizzie, you had better get about your work up the stair."

Annie begged to be allowed to help; so while Bobbie joined the gardener in the orchard, she went upstairs with the maid.

The winding stair gave access to a wooden balcony on to which three rooms opened, with another balcony and three more rooms on the top floor. The back windows looked out to the Bishop's Castle with its skirting wall and towers, while at the front the open doors and balconies gave a view over a green expanse of orchards, gay with the blossom of May.

The girls were soon busy scrubbing floors and polishing brasses, Lizzie gossiping all the time about her master and mistress and the neighbours. The master, it seemed, was President of the High Court of Justice in Edinburgh. He had been a canon of the Cathedral in the days of the "auld religion", and was now laird of Provan. Annie

was beginning to be afraid she would have to listen to the whole family history, when a whistle from below the balcony told her that Bobbie was wanting her.

"Come along, Annie," he cried, "and see the soldiers coming out of the Cathedral."

She bade a hasty goodbye to the maid and hurried downstairs to meet her brother, who was waiting for her below. Passing under an arch, they found the scene not greatly changed since their last visit. Beside Mr. Baillie's house was a building of some size, the Hospital of St. Nicholas, built by Bishop Muirhead (as the gardener told them) in the days of James III. But for the most part the Townhead was occupied by the manses they had seen before—old now, and some of them falling to ruins.

A number of townsfolk were standing at the Kirk Port, watching the men as they formed into line in the kirkyard.

"It minds one o' the auld days to see the High Kirk so busy," said one old man.

"Aye," said another, "there have been no such doings here these eight years, since the Archbishop fled the toon. But I doubt he would be ill pleased an he knew there had been armed men sleeping afore the high altar."

"They would ha' done better had they kept vigil," the old man rejoined. "Queen Mary will

gie them the slip yet. They say the Regent is going to muster the army on the Gallow Muir. It will be a brow show."

By this time the first company was on the move, and others ready to follow. As they passed the castle they were joined by other companies, till they made quite a fine array marching down the High Street to the beat of the drum. From the College Kirk (as the old Blackfriars was now called), and from the new Tron Kirk beyond the Cross, fresh companies joined the march, for troops had been quartered in all the three churches of Glasgow. From every house, too, there came armed men, till the force mustered on the Gallow Muir numbered as many as four thousand.

By listening to the talk of the onlookers the children were able to pick out the various companies. There were the royal archers from Edinburgh, and the hagbutter with their hand-guns. Yonder by themselves were six hundred Glasgow men, clad in steel bonnets and leather coats, sturdy craftsmen who could handle a pike as well as a tool. Near by were two hundred Macfarlane Highlanders with targe and claymore, as wild a band of warriors as ever struck terror into the hearts of an enemy. There were, besides, troops from Renfrewshire and Lennox, and from Lothian and Merse, with companies of horse and a few cannon brought from Stirling Castle. A gallant army they made, spread-

ing out over the moor, with the level rays of the rising sun glittering on their arms.

There was much prancing of horses and coming and going of messengers; but, as nothing further happened, Annie and Bobbie turned their steps towards the town once more in search of adventure. There everybody was busy. The smithies were crowded with horses waiting their turn, with a loose shoe to be fixed on or a cast shoe to be replaced, while the anvils rang with the blows of the hammers. The armourers were busy mending pikes and bonnets, and the saddlers repairing the harness of the horses and the leather jackets of the men. Dairymaids were hurrying about with buckets of frothy milk, and baker-boys with baskets full of bread.

Near the College the children stopped before an open door, tempted by the smell of new-baked bread. A few steps led down to a large bakehouse, where a number of men and boys, in white caps and aprons, were hard at work. The master baker, his beard white with flour, was giving some order to a prentice lad, when he caught sight of the children at the door.

"See ye aught of the miller's cart, bairns?" he cried.

They looked up and down the street and shook their heads.

"The plague take the Archbishop's Mill," he

said; "an the baxters of Glasgow had a mill o' their own they could supply the Regent's army, were it twice four thousand strong. Would you care to give a hand, bairns, and earn your own bread?"

This was just what the children wanted, so they gladly agreed.

"You're not of our trade, I suppose", he said doubtfully, "so it's against our rule to take you on. But, to be sure, our rules were not made for a day of battle. The baxters of Glasgow will not lose by this day's work, if Deacon Fauside can help it."

He set them to dust the flour from the new-baked loaves and pack them into baskets. At other tables men were busy kneading dough, cutting and trimming it, and weighing the pieces on the scales. When ready for baking, the loaves were placed on a peel or long wooden shovel and thrust far back into the oven. The children, while hard at work themselves, kept an eye on what was going on round about them.

"Here comes the miller's cart," someone sang out, and a young man hastened to the door. Presently there was the sound of angry voices, and he came back, his white cap awry.

"Where is the deacon? Ah, Mr. Fauside," he cried, as his master entered the room from the back, "the Bishop's Mill is past bearing. Here are we bolting the flour ourselves to save time, and yet they keep back a peck in the boll as if it were good flour!"

"Aye, Thomas, 'tis robbery," said the deacon; "but what can we do? We have no choice but to go to the Bishop's Mill, unless indeed we can win the ear of the good Regent."

And so, with a grumble, they took in the sacks of flour, in spite of the short measure. Indeed there was no time to lose if they were to keep the army supplied with bread. There were, besides, some special orders to be met.

"Look here, bairns," said the deacon, beckoning them over to another table. "Do you see this spicebread? 'Tis for my lady of Cathcart. Know you Cathcart Castle?"

Luckily they knew the way, and they said so.

"It is not more than three miles from the Brig-end. Carry this basket of spicebread to my lady, and, if you like, take a loaf for yourselves for your wages. You will be safer on the other side of the Clyde than here, where there is like to be a battle ere many hours are past."

And so, carrying the basket between them, Annie and Bobbie set off for Cathcart Castle. The sun was not yet high, for Glasgow had been early up that morning, and its rays turned the silvery Clyde into gold as the children stopped to rest halfway across the narrow bridge. There was no sound but the music of the river gurgling underneath the arches and the rustle of the leaves dancing in the breeze, and even the glint of armour showing

through the branches from the troops marshalled on the moor seemed only to give a touch of life to the peaceful scene.

They picked up the basket and went merrily on their way, swinging it between them as they kept step. Bobbie was whistling a tune, when he stopped suddenly with a shiver. At the end of the bridge stood a poor sickly man crying for alms. He was dressed in rags, a cloth covered his face with holes for the eyes, and he leant upon a stick, as with a wasted hand he feebly rattled a wooden clapper to warn passers-by. As the children hurried past he turned back and tottered through a door, over which were written the words: LEPER HOUSE OF SAINT NINIAN.

A few more houses made up the village of Brig-end, and beyond that was open country. The road was no more than a track, but it was easy to follow, and as they made their way out on to the moor, leaving the town far behind, it was hard to believe that this grassy waste would one day be scored by the streets and seared by the smoke of Glasgow.

They had stopped to look back towards the windings of the Clyde, when they were hailed by a man's voice.

"Hey, bairns, this is no place for you! Do you no see the Queen's army coming?"

The stranger pointed towards Rutherglen, where,

sure enough, a body of men and horse was on the march.

“And there behind your back are the Regent’s men, skelping through Brigend at the gallop. Quick, leave your basket, and run. That path to the right will tak you to Langside.”

The warning was none too soon, for the line of the Queen’s advance made it clear that the two armies must meet near the spot where the children stood. Throwing away their basket, they took to their heels down the path the stranger had pointed out, and in a few minutes they had reached the little village of Langside.

A few thatched cottages, their low walls built of rough stones and without mortar, were all there was to be seen. Sheltered behind a rising ground which hid the view to the north, the villagers had not noticed the approach of the armies till Annie and Bobbie, breathless with running, burst the news upon them. There was no time for flight, and indeed no one knew which way to flee; so the village folk could do nothing but bar their doors and wait. Annie and Bobbie were kindly taken in by one Andrew Tulloch, a weaver.

They had not long to wait, for ere many minutes had passed they heard the clatter of horses’ hoofs, and over the brow of the hill came the Regent’s two hundred horsemen, each with a hagbutter mounted behind. These quickly slipped over the

horses' cruppers and hid behind the dry-stane dikes of the cottage gardens. There they got out their balls and powder-horns and made ready their matches. Meanwhile the horsemen were drawn up along the Glasgow road facing towards Rutherglen, and presently half a dozen carts came jolting up carrying the cannons.

Soon afterwards the main body of foot came in sight, and were stationed in a solid square behind the village. From the talk of the hagbutterers in the garden the children learned that the Regent himself, with the Glasgow men-at-arms, had taken his stand at Pathhead, over the shoulder of the hill.

But soon every tongue was still, for on Clincart hill opposite there appeared the van of the Queen's army. They halted, and for a few minutes there was a grim silence, broken at last by the boom of their cannon, answered a moment later by those of the Regent. The first two shots passed clear over the village, but the third crashed into an out-house on the other side of the lane. There was a wild flutter of feathers, and a hen came clucking out of the wreck.

"Hoots!" muttered Andrew the weaver; "can they no thrav her neck quiet like, and spare their poother for Christian folk? I doot they've broke the eggs, too, the gowks!"

It put heart into the children to see their friend

so cool, and as there followed a lull in the firing, they began to pluck up courage. But a cool head was needed for what was to come. A large body of foot was now seen advancing towards the village, while round the north of Clincart hill the horsemen were also on the move.

A number of the Regent's hagbutters scrambled over the garden walls and set off down the lane, and a minute later the reports of their guns told that they were trying to check the advance of the enemy.

But the march of the Queen's army up the lane was not to be stayed by a few hagbutters. The Regent's right wing moved forward, and just at the head of the village, in front of Andrew Tulloch's cottage, the two armies met in the shock of battle.

In a moment the two front ranks were locked in a deadly grip, their long pikes closely crossed. Back and forwards they swayed, shouting wildly, while the men behind fired their pistols into the enemy's ranks and flung them in their faces. So tightly were the weapons locked that these pistols, falling short, slid about on the outstretched pikes as on a ship's deck. Meanwhile from behind walls and hedges the hagbutters were pouring a deadly fire into the dense mass of men in the rear.

"I'm thinking this is no a bonny sight for you, bairns," said Andrew, bending down and shouting in their ears to make himself heard above the din. "I mun stay an' mind my loom, or they wild Hamil-

tons will ding it to bits, but you were better awa'."

Without another word he led them out at the back door, and through one garden after another, stooping always to get shelter behind walls. The risk was great, but Andrew, cool as ever, seemed to treat it rather as a joke.

An arrow glistened past them and buried itself in a bush, all but the feathered tip.

"Hoots, man! dinna show the white feather," he said to it. "Can ye no hide yoursel' like a man?"—and he drew the children behind a tree as another arrow whizzed past, shot no doubt by one of the royal archers.

So by careful dodging he brought them at last safely to the foot of the village, where a hidden footpath led across the bog towards Rutherglen.

"Keep on the stanes," he said, "and it will tak' ye safe to the Cathcart road. Guid luck to ye!" and with a wave of his hand the kindly weaver was gone.

Left to themselves the children felt thoroughly scared, as well they might. With beating hearts they picked their way along the stepping-stones, hiding as best they could among the bushes. They did not dare to look back often towards Langside, where under a cloud of smoke the battle still raged, but the shouts of the fray still rang in their ears, mingled with the rattle of the guns; and sometimes a whiff of gunpowder was borne down the breeze.

They had just come out on to the Cathcart road, and were beginning to breathe more freely, when they were startled by a wild cheer as from four thousand voices. Looking back, they saw the Queen's forces pouring down Clincart Hill towards them, in full flight, with the Regent's men at their heels.

There was not a moment to lose. The children darted down the slope towards a small burn that seemed to offer a hiding place. Finding a muddy path that led along the burnside, they followed this till they came to a clump of bushes and there they hid.

They had not been three minutes in this place of shelter when they heard the thud of horses' feet coming down the path. Peering warily through the branches they saw a lady on horseback galloping wildly towards them. Her mount, a magnificent white steed, plunged heavily in the mud as it thundered along; but what fixed the children's gaze was the face of the rider. Grief and terror were written on that face, yet neither could hide its beauty. Surely they had seen it before, somewhere—in a picture, perhaps? Could it be——?

"Mary Queen of Scots!" they exclaimed in one breath, as horse and rider flashed past. Yes, it was the hapless Queen in flight, followed a few moments later by her escort in wild disorder.

The children in their hiding place spoke not a

word, and silence settled sadly on the scene, save for the prattle of the burn. But peace did not long remain, for ever and anon armed men would pass close at hand, in flight or in chase—now it was a score of horsemen, now a wounded man helped by a comrade in arms, now a riderless horse flecked with foam.

At last it began to appear that the rout had swept past them. When half an hour had gone by without any straggler showing himself, the children ventured out of their hiding place. The sun was by this time high in the heavens, and now that the worst of the peril was over they found themselves very tired. Keeping for safety at some distance from the road, they tramped wearily towards the town over the rough ground. They talked of the narrow escape they had made; they talked of the poor Queen and this her last defeat; they talked, too, of the dinner they would have liked to eat, for they were very hungry! Had the way ever been so long before?

They joined the road after a while, for the danger seemed now to be over. Others were making for Glasgow in twos and threes. They overtook a party of men bearing the wounded on stretchers, with a few prisoners marching behind under close guard.

At long last Glasgow was reached. Everyone seemed to be in the streets, and all were talking of the battle. The children were wandering up the

High Street, wondering what to do, when Annie caught her brother's arm.

"Bobbie," she exclaimed, "what about that spicebread?"

Bobbie's face fell. He had not once thought of the bread since they threw it away to run for Langside.

"I suppose we ought to go and tell Mr. Fauside," he said at last. "Will he be angry, do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," his sister said ruefully. "But if we don't 'fess up he'll think we stole it."

They could not bear that he should think that, so in fear and trembling they made their way to the door of the bakehouse. The scene inside was as busy as ever, but Mr. Fauside wore a troubled face as he went about his work. At Annie's timid knock he looked up.

"Mercy on us!" he cried, his face lighting up. "You're safe and sound! I thought I had sent you to your graves. Come awa' ben and tell us what happened."

Annie hung back shyly at this warm welcome.

"But, Mr. Fauside," she said, flushing red, "we lost the spicebread."

The good deacon laughed aloud.

"Lost the spicebread?" he said, clapping her on the back. "You might ha' lost your lives! No, no, don't you fash yourselves over that, but tell us all about the battle."

The men and lads of the bakehouse were pressing round to hear the children's story, but Mr. Fauside sent them back to their work.

"We're behind the market already," he explained, "thanks to that flour coming two hours late. Perhaps when the baxters of Glasgow have a mill o' their own there may be time for clavers in Deacon Fauside's bakehouse, but no till then!"

So the children were set down at a table spread with dainties hot from the oven, and between bites they told their story. The worthy deacon listened to all they had to say, plying them with questions as well as with cookies, till they had eaten their fill.

"Well, I must be at my work again," he said, rising and rubbing the flour from his hands as they finished. "Will you bairns take a message for me? Not to Langside this time," he added, laughing. "Just go down to the Tolbooth, will you, and ask for Bailie Fleming. He sent word the noo that the bread market might keep open till four of the afternoon. Tell him Deacon Fauside bade you ask if he would send out the town crier to let the people know."

They thanked him for all his kindness, and were just setting out on his errand when he called them back.

"Here, tak this for luck," he said, as he put a silver shilling in the hand of each, waving them off when they stammered their thanks.

"Isn't he kind?" said Annie, as they hurried down the street. "And we thought he would be so angry!"

"I'm glad we told him, anyway," Bobbie answered. "Let's make no mistake about our business this time. That will be the Tolbooth yonder, I suppose."

It was a large stone building at the corner of the Trongate, solidly built, but low, for as yet there was no steeple. At the wide doorway a porter in red was standing. He would not listen to them at first. The Town Council, he said, were holding a banquet in honour of the Regent. But when he heard they were sent by Deacon Fauside, he bade them wait till he told the bailie.

He came back a minute later to say that the banquet was over, and they might see the bailie if they would come in. He led them along a passage to the council hall, but on opening the door he motioned them back. "The Regent is speaking," he whispered.

It was quite a short speech. After thanking the council for their splendid banquet he spoke of the great victory they had won that morning at Langside, and of the gallant part the men of Glasgow had played in the battle. He also thanked the crafts and trades for the help they had given in supplying the army, and especially the baxters who had worked day and night to keep them in bread.

Finally he said that if there was anything he could do in return, he would be most happy to do it.

There was loud applause as Regent Murray sat down, and the Provost rose to reply. But at this point Bailie Fleming slipped out of his place, and came to the door to see the children. They gave their message and then had to go away.

"Did you hear what the Regent said, Bobbie, about doing the baxters a good turn?"

"Yes, but what about that?"

"Don't you remember Mr. Fauside saying that if only the baxters could win the ear of the Regent they might be able to get a mill of their own?"

"Good!" exclaimed Bobbie. "Now is his chance."

They ran up the High Street again and burst into the bakehouse. Mr. Fauside received them with a good-humoured smile as they poured out their story, both speaking at once. But when at last he took in what they had to say, his face changed.

"He said *that*, did he?" the deacon exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Then the baxters o' Glasgow will tak him at his word! And it's you bairns have put us in the way of getting what we've cried for this many a year."

He called to his foreman and told him the great news.

"I leave you in charge, William," he said, "for I

must seek out somebody who can present me to the Regent."

So while the deacon went to change his working clothes for gala dress, the two children sallied out into the street as happy as kings. There was now nothing for them to do but amuse themselves. They wandered down to the market, where a brisk trade was going on at the stalls round about the Cross and the Tolbooth. With their two silver shillings they felt rich enough to buy up the market, but after long search they found nothing that took their fancy.

They listened instead to the talk of the people, about the battle and the chase, about this man's narrow escape and that man's death, about the service of thanksgiving held at the High Kirk, where the Regent had gone at once on his return from Langside.

The children wandered from one eager group to another, and often the stories did not agree. At the Townhead they found half a dozen people gathered round a young woman who was protesting aloud: "I'll no believe it! I'll no believe it!"

It was their friend Lizzie, Mistress Baillie's maid.

"Aye, but it's true," said another; "my guid-brother heard it from one who said he saw it with his own eyes. 'The battle had scarce begun,' says he, 'and the Queen was watching it from Cathcart hill, when a score of Lord Semple's men took her

by surprise, and she lies a prisoner even now in Cathcart Castle'."

"But that can't be," broke in Bobbie, "for we saw her, with our own eyes, galloping off after the battle was over."

All eyes were now turned upon the childr n.

"Ma certes!" said Lizzie; "it's the bairns I found at the door this morning. But what's this ye say about the Queen?"

They told how they had been at Langside, and had seen the Queen and her escort in full flight after the battle. The little group listened open-eyed to the strange story, and others came to see what was up. But presently Lizzie dragged the children off.

"Come awa' ben," she said, "and tell the mistress a' about it. She's been prayin' a' day long for the poor Queen's safety."

So the children found themselves once more in the house of the kindly Mistress Baillie. She asked them a score of questions about the Queen, and made them tell their story from the beginning. Then, while Lizzie spread supper on the table, she made them tell it all over again.

"Poor bairns, poor bairns," she said; "but I'm glad ye saw the Queen. Mr. Baillie will be glad too, when he comes home. He's over at the castle just now with the Regent. But you must be hungry. Come and have your supper."

While they ate their supper, and long after they were done, the good lady told them stories of Queen Mary and of the stirring times in which she lived. They listened entranced, until at last a yawn of Annie's broke the spell.

"It's time you were in your beds, my dears," said Mrs. Baillie, "after such a day as you've had. But maybe your mother's house is still given up to the soldiers. Can she no take you in to-night either?"

Annie blushed and shook her head, for she did not know what to say.

"Ah, poor wee lambs," said the good lady, "we must not let you sleep out again! Here, Lizzie, make ready the Queen's room and warm the bed. You bairns will be the first who have slept there since Queen Mary hersel'."

The room was already in spotless order, and fragrant with blossom, and it needed few touches to prepare it for the children. Before many minutes were over they were ready for bed, and as they laid their weary heads on the pillow, Mistress Baillie bent over them and kissed them good night.

As she tiptoed out of the room a step sounded on the stair, and as it reached the balcony a man's voice was heard:

"Well, wife, have you heard the news? The baxters of Glasgow have got a mill of their own at last. The Regent has granted to Deacon Fauside the Archbishop's Mill on the Kelvin."

The speaker passed into the next room, and his voice could no longer be heard.

“Good old deacon!” said Bobby sleepily.

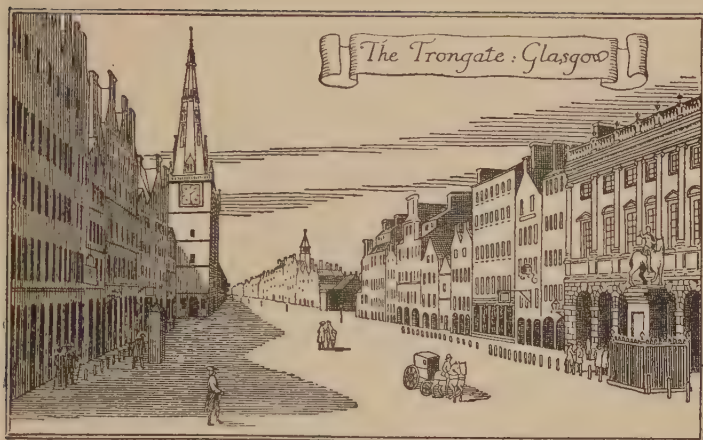
Annie answered with a snore.

When they woke up next morning they were in their own beds in everyday Glasgow. They did not at once remember their adventure, till they found in their pockets two bright new shillings.

“Good old deacon!” said Bobbie again. “Those two shillings will take us a long way.”

After breakfast they set out on a voyage of discovery. First they took the car out to Langside, and saw once more the battlefield, with the monument that now marks the spot. Then they went to Townhead and saw again the Cathedral they had so often seen. Of St. Nicholas Hospital not a stone remained, but Mistress Baillie’s house was still there. “Provand’s Lordship” it was called, and on paying a sixpence they were allowed to see all over it—even the room where they had gone to bed in 1568!

Last of all they took the car out to Partick Bridge, and saw there the great flour mills that stand beside the River Kelvin. And as they read the name carved upon the gable, REGENT MILLS, they felt not a little proud of the share they had had in winning these mills for the baxters of Glasgow.



The Covenanters



HE Broomielaw quay was at its busiest, for the tide was rising, and cargo must all be on board in time for the steamer to sail at high water. Winches and donkey-engines creaked and rattled as bales were hoisted and lowered into the vessel's hold, while up and down the gang planks the labourers plied with sacks and boxes from the lorries standing in the shed.

The cart horses seemed to care nothing for all the noise and bustle of the quay, but the men, bending under their loads, would quicken their pace for a moment at the shrill snort of the steamer's engines, blowing off steam that could wait pent up no longer.

"Near by on the railway bridge trains rumbled across the river, slowing down for Glasgow Central or setting out for Carlisle and the south.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all the noise, half a dozen boys and girls were playing at hide-and-seek in the shed. They had got leave from the man in charge, a good-hearted old seaman who remembered that he had once been a boy himself; and while one of them, with eyes shut, counted a hundred, the rest were running here and there looking for the best hiding places.

"Here we are, Annie," said Bobbie (for our two friends were leaders of the game). "He will never find us here."

Bobbie pointed to an empty barrel lying on its side in a corner. Getting down on hands and knees, they crept into the roomy barrel.

"He'll find all the others before he thinks of looking here," said Annie, making herself as snug as the rocking barrel would permit.

They settled down to wait and listen. Minutes passed and still they heard nothing.

"How quiet it is!" said Bobbie. "Can they have finished loading?"

They listened again. At last they heard steps approaching, and someone gave the barrel a shove. It rocked heavily and settled again. Another shove, and again the same thing happened.

A boy's face appeared at the mouth of the barrel,

and when he saw the children he stared with amazement.

"Ma conscience!" he exclaimed. "Who may you be?"

"Hush! We're hiding," they answered in a whisper, vexed at being found by someone who was not in the game.

"Hiding! What for?" he asked; while at the same moment a man's voice hailed him from a distance: "What's wrang wi' you, Johnnie; can ye no bring that barrel?"

"There's twa bairns in it," Johnnie shouted back, and as if to prove his words the children climbed out of their hiding place and got upon their feet.

It was all they could do to keep their feet. For when they looked around for the shed, the carts, the steamers, the railway bridge—they were all gone. The Broomielaw was yellow with broom, and at the low quay only a few boats were moored. Half a mile up the river they could see the old bridge, with Brigend on the south side, and on the north side the country town of Glasgow with its spires.

They were getting used to this sudden way of slipping back into olden times, and yet to make the journey in a barrel—it was like a juggler's trick! Hide-and-seek indeed! Not much chance of their being found now, anyway!

But all this time the man and boy had been staring at them.

"How came ye here?" the man said at last.

"We were hiding," they said again, for what else could they say?

"Ye were hiding, were ye?" the man repeated doubtfully, eyeing them closely. Then pulling the boy aside he added in a low voice: "I ken what it is, Johnnie. They are the bairns o' some outed minister o' the Covenant. Their faither will ha' been put oot o' his kirk and manse, and the weans can find naebody to keep them for fear o' the law. Mr. Bogle will tak them in, I've nae doot. But mind ye, no questions. If aebody spiers at ye wha they are, say ye dinna ken."

"Weel, bairns," he said, turning to the children, "bide wi' us, and we'll see that ye come to nae harm."

He turned aside to the edge of the quay to watch a boat that was gliding slowly up the river under sail. As it came within hail a man on board shouted out:

"Is that you, Andrew Forsyth?"

"Aye, aye. Have ye got oor sugar?"

"Ten casks, and one empty."

"That's a' right."

As the boat drew near the quay they took in sail, and soon they had her moored. One by one the barrels were hoisted out, and placed in two carts that were standing ready. Last of all they lifted in the empty barrel in which Annie and Bobbie had been hiding.

"How lang will the *Mary* be lying at Port Glasgow?" asked Andrew Forsyth, as he made all tight on his carts.

"Not more than three days," said the boatman, "and twa if she can manage. Ye see, the winds were agin her comin' frae Barbados, and she maun get back this season."

"Weel, I'm glad she brocht the sugar safe ower the Atlantic, onyway," said Andrew. "A taste o' saut water would do it no guid. You'll be bringing up the lave o' the cargo by the morn's tide?"

"Aye, it's lying oot on the pier at Port Glasgow the noo. A few years syne, afore the Port was biggit, the *Mary* would ha' had to lie by for days till oor boats cam to tak aff her cargo."

"Weel, Tammas, I maun be going," said Andrew, with a crack of his whip, and grasping the bridle of the leading horse he set out for the town. The track led over open country (now covered by Jamaica Street) till it struck the road leading towards Trongate. Meanwhile Johnnie, who had been hanging about looking rather shy, at last made up to the children. He was a boy of about eleven, with curly black hair and a merry face.

"You'll no ken mony folk in Glasgow, I'm thinking?" he said by way of a beginning.

"No," said Annie, "we don't know anybody."

"Well, I'm John Stark, and I work in the Eastern Sugar House in the Gallowgate. I'm going to be

a merchant when I'm big, and Provost o' Glasgow maybe, but first I maun serve my time at the sugar-making." He paused, as if wondering whether after all he would not do better to be provost first and prentice after. "You'll be going into the Kirk, like your faither?" he added, turning to Bobbie.

"I don't know. My father's——" he was going to say that his father was not a minister, when a pinch from Annie pulled him up. "Don't give the show away," she whispered.

"Oh aye, I was forgetting!" said their friend quickly. "You had best say nothing aboot him, while Claverhouse and his dragoons are in town. Maybe my brother Donald will ken your faither. He is going into the Kirk himsel', once he's done wi' the college, but he's oot wi' the Covenanters the noo. He's a braw lad, Donald. You'll no ken Donald Stark?"

They said no.

"He's a bonny fighter. You would ha' known him if you had been here last summer. It was he led the students when they held the bridge against the Hieland Host. The Hielanders had been down in Ayrshire routing out the Covenanters, and they were going north with more plunder than they knew how to carry. Weel, they were coming to Glasgow, nigh twa thoosand o' them, but when they got to the bridge there were the students and other young callants barring the way, wi' Donald in command.

There was no getting through, for the bridge is just twel' foot wide, so the Hielanders maun just do as they were bid. Donald let them pass, forty at a time, but he would no let them go on till they had given up their ill-gotten gear. Then they were led under guard up through the West Port and out along this road we're on the noo, without ever going through the toon at a'. So the Hielandmen never got their thievin' hands on our goods and chattels, and, what's more, they had to leave behind such a store o' stolen goods—pots and pans and rugs and cloaks and the like—as would ha' stocked Glasgow market for a twel' month!"

"Good! Shall we see your brother Donald?" Annie asked eagerly.

"Maybe yes, maybe no," said Johnnie. "What we'll see the day, the Lord only kens. All we ken is the army o' the Covenant is no far off, and if they're all o' Donald's mettle they'll no be lang in giving Claverhouse a taste o' their bullets."

By this time the carts were rattling along a stone causeway and they had reached the first houses of the Trongate. Glasgow had grown to double the size she was in the days of Queen Mary, and her streets were spreading out into the country. New and handsome houses lined the Trongate, and at the Cross stood the new Tolbooth, five stories high, crowned by the steeple which still marks the site. The main entrance was on the first floor, reached

by a flight of steps, and the whole front was adorned with carving.

"There's nothing like it in the West o' Scotland," said Johnnie, following their eyes as they turned to look back at the Tolbooth. "But for a' that, I'd rather see the outside o't than the inside. Every cell is choke-full o' Covenanters. When I'm provost I'll have no prisoners but them as deserve it."

They were now in the Gallowgate, however, and he had to attend to the horse. They stopped in front of a three-storied building which bore the name Eastern Sugar House, and taking his horse's bridle Johnnie led it through a pend, or covered way, into the yard behind. Andrew Forsyth went off to speak to Mr. Bogle in the office, while the children stayed with their young friend watching the men as they hoisted the barrels with rope and pulley into a loft.

"I telt Mr. Bogle," said Andrew, when he came back five minutes later, "and he says it's a' richt, and you're to mind them, Johnnie."

"Good!" said he; "come along then, Annie, and you, Bobbie (for by this time he had learned their names), and I'll tak you ower the works."

The next hour they spent in seeing all the ins and outs of sugar-making in the old style. They went up a winding stair to the top floor, where the raw sugar, coarse and brown with molasses, was boiled in a huge copper pot. It looked very tasty,

till Hans, the German who was in charge, added lime water and a canful of bullock's blood. The mixture now looked like some nasty witch's cauldron as Hans stirred it round; but presently a dirty scum rose to the top, and when Annie, at the bidding of Hans, had skimmed this off, the sugar looked much clearer than at first. More lime water and bullock's blood were added, and again they brought a scum to the surface. This was repeated several times, till the scum came to the top milk-white.

The liquid sugar was now poured into another pan and allowed to simmer gently until it thickened to just the right point. The children were allowed to test it with a stick, and when the sugar was stringy enough it was poured out into smaller pans for cooling.

The cooling pans were on a lower floor, and it took several men to look after them. This was a process that needed great care. "You must keep all the time stirring," said Hans, "till der stoff go into grains."

In this state the sugar was taken down to the moulding room on the ground floor. The moulds, which were made of earthenware, were cone-shaped, and standing on their points they looked like big spinning tops. The sugar was now put into these moulds to be left for several days. Hans, who was showing the children round, drew out the plug from the point of some which had been standing twenty-

four hours, and drained off the molasses that had settled at the foot. On others he put a cap of wet clay, so that the water in the clay might trickle down through the sugar and wash away any molasses that still remained. Some that were ready he turned out of their moulds, each a fine sugar-loaf, then wiped off the surface and put them in a slow oven to dry.

"And now, childer," said Hans, "here have I four suker loafs, two for die Merchants' Hall and two for Mrs. Brysone in die Townhead. Vill you take dem?"

The children were ready for an outing, for Annie and Bobbie were eager to see the town, and their friend was as eager to show it off.

As they stepped out into the Gallowgate, with their bundles under their arms, a coach with six horses came rattling along, followed by a crowd of children running and shouting.

"Yon's the new Edinburgh coach," said Johnnie. "It runs twice a week, whiles. What think ye o' that? There's no mony toons in Scotland that can boast o' twa coaches to Edinburgh in the week."

They turned down the busy Saltmarket with its workshops and taverns. Just opposite the Bridge-gate Johnnie pointed out the house where Oliver Cromwell had lodged some thirty years before, in 1650.

"My grandfaither was an elder in the Barony

Kirk then, and he heard the meenister, Mr. Boyd, flite and misca' the Protector to his very face from the pulpit. For a' that, Cromwell had Mr. Boyd to supper wi' him that same night, and they became guid freends. But here's the Merchants' Hospital."

It was a handsome building of two stories and skylights, with a fine steeple above—the same steeple that still stands forlorn upon the fishmarket in the Bridgegate, although the old hospital is now gone.

They left two of the sugar loaves here, and returned by the Saltmarket and on up the High Street. Here they found that the College was now a noble building with a high clock tower and two open courts. It looked as if classes were not being held to-day, for the students were standing about in groups talking eagerly; indeed in all the streets the same thing was to be seen, for what with the coming and going of soldiers and the hurried meeting of the Town Council, Glasgow folk were ill at ease.

Mrs. Brysone's house, where they had to hand in the other two sugar loaves, turned out to be Provand's Lordship, the same house where the worthy Mrs. Baillie had received them on their last visit. It was still a goodly house, for new wings had lately been added at the back, but the other old manses of the Townhead, and even the Archbishop's Castle, were sadly out of repair.

John pointed out the High Kirk, grey with age

and full of memories, and told them all about it as if they had never seen it before. But he knew and cared nothing for the stories of the ancient days. What he told with pride was of the great Assembly in 1638.

"It was there that the General Assembly met in the year o' the Covenant," he said, warming with his subject, "when they made an end o' the Bishops and the unlawfu' rule o' Charles I, and brought back again the Kirk o' Scotland as it had been set up lang syne at the Reformation. My grandfather was there, being an elder o' the Barony, and he says ye never saw sic an Assembly before or since. The High Kirk was crammed fu' day after day wi' a' the worthiest folk o' Scotland, and even in the Kirkyard ye could scarce squeeze through for the crowds. Mony o' them wore sword and doublet, for they came there against the order o' the King himsel', read from the Market Cross o' Glasgow. I wish Donald was here to tell ye o' it, for he kens mair about it than I do."

For all that, Johnnie seemed to have the story at his finger tips, and talked of nothing else all the way down the High Street. He told them also how it came about that Claverhouse was in Glasgow with the royal troops. Just the day before, Sunday, he had surprised a meeting of Covenanters worshipping in the open air not twenty miles from Glasgow. Claverhouse had three troops of horse,

but the Covenanters had resolved to give battle, and at Drumclog, near Strathaven, they had beaten him. Claverhouse had a narrow escape, his horse being shot under him, but with the remnant of the royal troops he made good his retreat to Glasgow.

"There he is," said John, as a young man on horseback cantered up the street and shouted an order to some men who were working in the College Vennel. "Wi' those long curls o' his, he has a bonny face—for a' his black heart."

He was indeed a striking figure as he rode about directing the work. The men were putting up a barrier across the narrow lane—casks full of stones with logs laid along the top. A company of dragoons stood ready to defend the barrier, while others were posted at the upper windows of the houses on each side, with their muskets ready in case of an attack.

When the last touch had been put to the barrier the lane was cleared of onlookers and the children had to scuttle out of the way of horses' feet. They found in the Gallowgate another barrier of carts and logs, stronger and higher than the first, and defended by a large body of men. It blocked the street just in front of the Eastern Sugar House, and on going inside the children found soldiers at the windows of the cooling room which looked towards the street.

"I doubt the Covenanters will stand a poor chance," Johnnie whispered; adding, with a troubled face, "Donald is sure to be there if there is danger about."

The dragoons laughed and jested as if the whole matter were a joke, passing their snuff as they chatted with the workmen.

From the faces of the latter it was clear that they bore no goodwill towards the royal troopers, but this seemed only to amuse the soldiers.

The gallop of a horse's feet echoed up the Gallowgate, and on hurrying to the windows the children saw a messenger arrive.

"The Covenanters are close behind," he shouted.

"Let them come!" said a great giant of a fellow who stood at the window where the children were watching. "I'll give the cursed psalm singers something that will change their tune."

He picked up his musket and took aim at the street below as if to make plain his meaning. Then, laying out his powder-horn and balls where they were ready to hand, he loaded his musket and waited events.

Events moved fast, for a minute later there was a shout: "They come! they come!" At the same moment the sound of shots at no great distance told that the attack had begun in the College Vennel also.

Round a gable that jutted into the Gallowgate

the Covenanters came in sight. Seeing the barrier ahead they divided, keeping close in to the walls on each side of the street, so as to present as small a front as possible to the muskets of the Royalists. A volley was fired from the barrier below, shaking the house with its report and filling the air with choking smoke. It was answered by shots from the Covenanters, and when the air cleared they were close up to the barrier. The muskets from the windows opposite now spoke out, and a moment later the dragoons in the Sugar House opened fire.

Annie and Bobbie were almost deafened. Sheltering as best they could, however, they peered from the window to watch the fray. It was now a hand-to-hand fight at the barrier. Wild shouts mingled with the din of muskets and crack of pistols, and sword and pike came into play. In such an attack order could not be kept, but on the side of the Covenanters one young fellow could be seen rallying his men when they wavered and leading every attack.

Johnnie clutched Annie's arm and turned deadly pale. "It's Donald!" he whispered, drawing in his breath as the dragoon coolly levelled his musket at the young man and fired.

But so quick were Donald's movements and so narrow the window that the musket missed its aim. The dragoon loaded again and watched his chance, while with beating hearts the children waited. Annie

gave a start and tapped Johnnie on the shoulder. "Quick!" she whispered.

Glancing at the dragoon, whose eyes were still fixed on the street, she slipped over to the table and took a handful of soft brown sugar from one of the cooling pans. She came back on her tip-toes, and, seeing the dragoon still eyeing his prey, stuffed the sugar into his powder horn. She had just time to stir the mixture with a splinter of wood when the dragoon fired, nearly upsetting her with the shock.

Three long moments passed before the smoke cleared and they could see the street again.

"Ha! the slippery eel!" the dragoon cried, seizing his powder horn and loading again without noticing Annie's trick. "I'll get him next time."

Johnnie signed to the children, and they slunk away to a door where they could watch the result without being seen. A great shout swelled up from the street below as the men of the Covenant surged forward once more against the barrier. A grim smile played on the face of the dragoon as he took aim, a long aim, and—click!

With an oath he lowered his gun and looked in the pan. But what followed they never saw, for they were already halfway up the stair, shaking with laughter.

"Good for you, Annie!" said Johnnie, when he could get his breath. "A bonny cantrip! To cheat

the dragoon wi' a handfu' o' sugar, and save Donald's life forbye!"

But it was only for a moment that they could laugh, for the fate of the battle still hung in the balance. They went to a window (there were no dragoons on this floor) and hung half out of it watching the fight below. By this time the Covenanters had forced a passage through the barrier, and were slowly driving the defenders back. At the Cross they were met by those of the Vennel party, who had managed to cut their way through the lane. But even when joined, the attacking forces were too small to hold the town. For a few minutes they made a brave stand before the Tolbooth; but here they were open to the fire from the windows on four sides.

Slowly and in fair order they fell back down the Gallowgate. The leaders kept the front rank, guarding the retreat of the others. There was a minute's delay at the Sugar House, while, hard pressed by the Royalists, they climbed over the ruins of the barrier. It was only a minute, however, and they moved on again. Yet one young man stood his ground with sword drawn, holding his own against two Royalists. His comrades called to him to come back, but he seemed loath to turn his back on the enemy. At last, with a challenge to the Royalists to meet them in fair battle on the Gallow Muir, he turned to go. But in doing so he

tripped over a log, and in a moment he was a prisoner.

The moment the children caught sight of his face they knew him. It was Donald. His eyes glanced for a moment to the Sugar House and rested for an instant on the window where the children were watching. But though John waved to him there was no smile on Donald's face, nothing to show that he had seen his brother.

"He's a wise yin!" said Johnnie. "Gin he had waved back, they might ha' copped me for being in league wi' him. As it is, we'll maybe manage to get him oot. If I were provost noo——"

He left them to guess what he would have done. But meanwhile there were other duties that could not wait. The soldiers had left the Sugar House, but they had left it in a mess, and after a hurried meal the children were set to tidy up.

The boys were carrying a pail of water across the yard when Johnnie stopped suddenly, spilling the water with the jerk.

"Donald!" he said under his breath.

For at that moment four soldiers entered the yard, leading Donald a prisoner in chains.

"Hey, laddie," cried one of the soldiers, "fetch your master."

Johnnie went off without a word, and the children were left to study the "big brother" of whom they had heard so much. He was of middle height, but

very broad, and in his bearing there was more of the soldier than of the divinity student. Yet the face, with its grave lips and deep-set eyes, had not taken its cast from the rough life of the camp. His eyes had a far-away look as he stared in front of him, and he neither spoke nor moved.

"Well, Mr. Bogle," said the soldier, as Johnnie and his master came up, "Colonel Claverhouse bids me ask if you can keep this prisoner in some safe place till such time as he can find a better prison for him. The Tolbooth is full to overflowing."

Mr. Bogle frowned, and did not at once reply.

"What says the Provost to this request?" he asked at last.

"The Provost says that the colonel must not be denied."

"Well," said the merchant, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if you must make a prison of my sugar house, there is the storeroom beneath the sugar loft yonder. Lock him up there wi' a sentry at the door, and he'll be as safe as any prisoner in the Tolbooth."

They were not slow to take the hint. Donald was hustled into a shed littered with barrels, sacks, and straw, the door was slammed and locked, and, leaving a sentry to guard it, the other soldiers went off, glad to be rid of their charge.

Johnnie said never a word as, with a sign to Bobbie to give a hand, he picked up the pail and

went about his work. To tell the truth, he did little work that afternoon, and let Bobbie and Annie fetch and carry for him. It was clear that he was turning something over in his mind, but what it was he did not say. At last, when nothing else was doing, there was a chance to hold a council of war.

"Come awa' to the sugar loft," said Johnnie.

As the door of the loft was locked, he took them to a window on the third floor overlooking the sloping roof of the loft on the outside. Just below the window was an open skylight, and from the window sill it was an easy matter to climb down through the skylight and drop on to the top of one of the many barrels which were standing about the loft. Johnnie perched himself on one of these and began to lay forth his plan.

"Well, ye see, Donald is just below us here in the storeroom, and I'm thinking if we could loosen one o' them planks o' the floor, he might climb up here after dark and get oot through ane o' the back windows."

"But his hands are chained behind his back," said Annie. "How is he to climb?"

"I mind that," said Johnnie, puckering his brow. "There's a ladder below for him to get up here by. Maybe we could howk it up after him and set it up to the skylight. It's a risky thing onyway, ye ken."

It did seem a dangerous plan, but still it was

worth trying. They searched the floor, and had the good luck to find a couple of loose planks near the wall. By rolling away two empty barrels they found that the planks could easily be raised enough to let Donald squeeze through. Bobbie was eager to set to work, but their friend was more wary.

"No," he said, "we maun bide oor time. Andrew will be here at seven o' the clock to tak some o' them barrels o' sugar to the Broomielaw. The moon's nigh fu' the noo, and they're to gang doon the river to Port Glasgow wi' the spring tide."

Bobbie was silent for a moment, while Johnnie sat on the floor hugging his knees. "Look here," Bobbie said at last, "couldn't Donald hide in one of the barrels, the way we did this morning, and be shipped off like a barrel of sugar?"

Johnnie rolled over and kicked his feet in the air with delight.

"Eh, man," he said, "that's braw, that's braw! We'll cart him awa' under the very neb o' the sentry!"

So after a wild war dance the council broke up, to meet again in the same place when the time came for carrying out their plan. Hans, the German foreman, who had his lodging within the Sugar House, called them in to share his supper. He was a kindly fellow, with a hearty laugh, and was a good friend of Johnnie's—"Profost Stark", as Hans slyly called him. The German had knocked about the world

a good deal, and he liked to poke fun at Glasgow folk. He laid off the story of how, in 1645, Montrose, the King's champion, after sweeping the country and winning battle after battle, came at last to Glasgow, and got from the Town Council the sum of £50,000 Scots; and how, just two months later, Sir David Leslie, after beating Montrose, came in turn to Glasgow and borrowed a further £20,000, "to pay interest on the other loan".

Johnnie stood up for the city as manfully as if he were already provost. The other two children also took up the cudgels to defend the fair name of Glasgow, and told of the part the city had played at the Battle of Langside, till Hans exclaimed: "Why, von would think you had yourselves been there!"

So passed the evening, while the three plotters kept their ears open for the striking of the Tolbooth clock. Six o'clock had just sounded, and they were wondering how to get away, so that they might make ready for the rescue of Donald, when something happened which upset their plans.

An officer of the town guard entered the yard and called for Mr. Bogle. The children came out to hear what his business might be, while Johnnie ran to fetch his master.

"Any strangers staying here the night?" the officer asked, when the merchant appeared.

"Ye ken wha bide here," said Mr. Bogle, and he gave off the names of his workers.

"Aye, aye, I ken them fine," said the other impatiently. It's strangers I'm after. What bairns are these?" and he pointed to Annie and Bobbie.

"I know nothing o' them," said Mr. Bogle stoutly. "Decent bairns they seem to be. They have been running errands for us."

The officer eyed them with a frown. "What do ye ca' yoursel's?" he asked.

They gave their names—Annie Brown and Bobbie Brown.

'Where does your faither bide?'

They hung their heads. To tell the truth would be useless; to tell anything else would be worse.

"So ho, Mr. Bogle!" said the officer, turning to the sugarmaster with a wicked gleam in his eyes. "I doot these are the bairns o' some o' your Covenanting freens. Ye ken the law, Mr. Bogle, and if ye dinna hand ower these bairns ye may be made to feel its force."

"Weel, I canna go agin the law, but I'll do nothing to forward it. Tak the bairns an' you must, but dinna be hard on them."

"Ye'll do this to for'ard the law, Mr. Bogle," said the officer hotly. "Ye'll lock these bairns up in yer own shed along wi' yon other young rebel. We havena room in the Tolbooth for the likes o' them."

At this last decree Annie and Bobbie, who had

been looking rather glum, shot a meaning glance at their young friend. Johnnie gave just the slightest wink, then turned on his heel and walked away as if their fate was no affair of his.

A minute later they found themselves locked in the storeroom, with the sentry pacing outside. They were free to move about, for the officer had not thought it worth while to put chains upon children. At first they could see nothing, but as their eyes got used to the darkness they made out the figure of their fellow prisoner.

"Puir bairns," said Donald in a low voice, "ye're ower young to suffer for the Covenant."

"Oh, but we're not going to suffer!" said Annie, in a tone that was anything but that of a martyr. And the children unfolded their plan to the astonished Donald.

"It's a guid ploy," he said at last, "and we maun just tak the risks."

He had hardly spoken when they heard a faint step in the loft above. Johnnie was losing no time, for there was need of haste if their plan was to succeed. The clock struck half-past six. Slowly the two planks were raised, and Johnnie's head showed against the light.

"Hey, Bobbie, fetch the ladder," he whispered. Carefully and without noise the children lifted the ladder and set it up against the wall under the raised planks.

"Now, Donald, up with you!" said Bobbie in a whisper.

Donald wanted to see them safe up before trying it himself. But they said no, it was their plan and he must obey orders. Besides, his hands were chained behind his back, and he might need their help. It was no easy matter to scale the ladder in the dark, chained and stiff with cramp as he was, but Donald managed it with scarcely a sound. The other two followed behind.

Johnnie then took a long cord from his pocket and doubled it over the last rung of the ladder. Then, tipping the ladder over, he gently lowered it till it lay along the ground, when he drew up the cord again.

"Now," he whispered, as he rolled it up and pocketed it, "once these planks are snug, nobody will ken how ye got oot."

The two planks were soon lowered into their place, and the empty barrels put on top of them as at first. Donald then got into one of the barrels and the children into the other. Johnnie fixed on the lids.

"Are ye a' right?" he whispered.

"All right!"

"Guidbye, and guid luck to ye!"

They heard him climb through the skylight, and all was still. So far the plan had worked well, but the dangerous part lay ahead. They were not long

kept waiting. Already they could hear the jingle of chains as Andrew harnessed his horse at the stable, and presently the cart rattled across the yard and stopped below the loft.

"You've no' come for my prisoners?" It was the voice of the sentry.

"Na, na," Andrew laughed. "I've come to lift some barrels from the loft. Johnnie's gone round to open it."

Johnnie's step was heard as he came through the cooling-room whistling a tune. The key turned in the lock and he was in the loft, still whistling away as gaily as a bird. He unbarred the door opening over the yard, and, slinging out the beam, made ready the rope and pulley. Then rolling one of the barrels up to the open door he fixed the rope round it.

"Ready!" he called.

"Aye, aye," said Andrew from below; "here, give a hand, will ye"—this to the sentry.

So the barrel was safely lowered into the cart. Another followed in the same way. Then Johnnie came to the barrel in which the children were hidden. He put his shoulder to the end of it and gave a heave. No result. He heaved again.

"Look here," he whispered, "it winna budge. Can ye lie still while I roll ye ower?"

"All right," they whispered back.

They clung together in their dark prison, while

very slowly Johnnie rolled the barrel over to the door. He fixed the rope and sang out, "Ready!"

A moment later they felt themselves swinging in mid-air, and through the chinks of the barrel they could see the cart below. And so, with the help of the sentry himself, the two young prisoners were safely lowered into the cart.

Another barrel was soon sent down—carrying Donald, no doubt, though they could not tell.

"That's all," Andrew shouted.

"That's only four," Johnnie answered from above; "it should be six."

"Six, was it?" said Andrew. "Weel, you took the order, so you should ken."

So two more barrels of sugar were sent down, for Johnnie did not wish to cheat his master's customer out of the sugar he had ordered. The tail-board was then put on, all was made fast, and with a crack of his whip Andrew set off, leaving the sentry to guard the empty prison.

The cart was without springs, and as they lay cooped up in their barrel, jolting over the cobbles of the Gallowgate, they began to wonder whether it would not have been better after all to take their chance of the Tolbooth cells. But passing along the Trongate they came at last to smoother surface. There was a sharp *up* and then *down*, and they knew they had crossed St. Enoch's Burn and were well out of the town.

Out of Glasgow but not yet out of danger, for anything might betray them. They dared not make a sound, even when one wheel of the cart sank into a rut, jerking the children one on top of the other. At last the cart stopped, and the sound of an oar told them they were at the Broomielaw.

The barrels were lifted out and left lying on the ground for what seemed an age. There was a strange noise about the quay. They heard voices close at hand, and suddenly someone began to roll their barrel over and over. In spite of themselves they cried out.

"What was that?" said a man's voice, and they heard him fumbling with the lid of the barrel. In half a minute he had wrenched off the lid.

"Ma conscience!" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes. "Who may you be?"

They climbed out of the barrel, stiff and sore, to find themselves back on the Broomielaw of everyday Glasgow.

"Well, we gave Claverhouse the slip, anyway," said Bobbie afterwards, as they talked over their adventure.

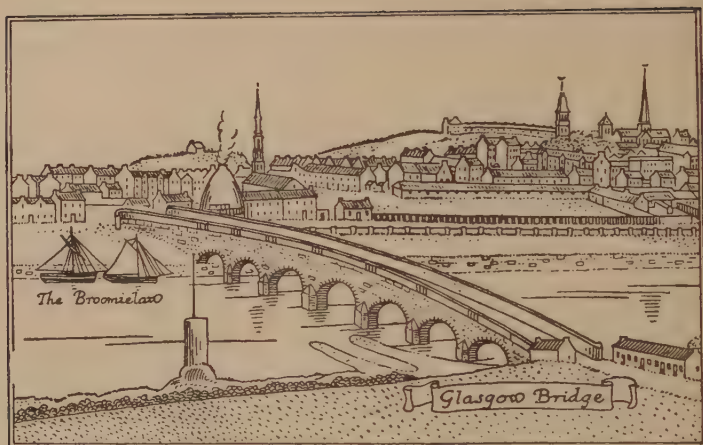
Yes, but what of Donald? Doubtless he fought for the Covenant at Bothwell Brig in 1679; but what became of him later they never found out. Only this they knew, that the Covenanters did not



The Tolbooth (1626-1814)

suffer in vain. For hard by the Tolbooth steeple stands the monument of King William, who gave back to the Scottish Kirk the freedom for which it had so long fought.

As for Johnnie, they were not left in doubt about him. For in the annals of the city they found the name of one John Stark, sugar merchant, who became Provost of Glasgow in 1725.



The American War

THE Broomielaw had cast its spell upon our two young friends. It was not only that here on their last adventure they had slipped as through a trap-door into the midst of an earlier Glasgow; it was rather that they loved to watch the great steamers coming slowly up the river from unknown lands, or setting out on voyages to the ends of the earth.

To-day it was a small sailing ship that had taken their fancy. She was gliding up the Clyde to her berth at the Broomielaw, towed by a fussy little tug that beat the water with its paddles, like a bantam flapping its wings. There was great shouting and

running about as the tug cast off and the vessel drew in to the wharf, and amid the hurry and bustle the children did not at once notice that the tug faded out of sight, that the steamers with their smoke were gone from the river, and in their place were the lighters and sailing ships of old Glasgow.

The ship whose arrival they had watched was by this time made fast, and the gangway was no sooner laid across than a gentleman, dressed in a black suit with knee-breeches, came briskly across, carrying a bag in each hand, and under his arm a stick and a roll that looked as if it might hold papers. As he stepped on to the quay the roll slipped from under his arm and fell to the ground. He was stooping to pick it up when his eyes fell on Bobbie.

"Here, my boy," he said, "will you carry this bag for me and earn a penny?"

Bobbie readily agreed, and picked up the bag to follow the stranger, when for the first time he became aware of the change in their surroundings.

"Why, Annie," he exclaimed, "we're in for it again!"

"Whew! So we are!" was all that Annie could say, for the stranger strode on ahead, and they had to follow as hard as they could; but their eyes were busy taking note of all that they saw.

It was a very different Glasgow from the little town they had seen on their last visit. Just above

the Broomielaw a fine new bridge spanned the river, and beside it, on the Glasgow side, was a factory with an odd cone-shaped chimney. Farther down the river, on the far side, a windmill was lazily turning. The Clyde itself had changed, for its channel had been deepened and the ships moored at the wharf were larger than those they had seen before.

All this they took in at a glance, for already they had turned into Jamaica Street. With its pleasant houses and gardens it was strangely unlike the crowded street which bears that name to-day, but it was already greatly changed from the rough cart road along which they had jolted last time they came that way.

The stranger turned into Argyle Street, and as they went along they noticed the names of other well-known streets joining it—Buchanan Street, Queen Street, Miller Street. Passing into Tron-gate, he turned off to the right into King Street, stopping presently at the door of a house to knock.

As he stood waiting, a boy popped his head out of the next close, made a face at the stranger, and with a shout of "Ho, ho, the Americans!" drew back out of sight. The American, if such he was, smiled grimly, but said nothing. And at that moment the door opened.

"Does Mr. Watt stay here?" he asked the woman of the house.

"Maister Watt?" said she. "Na, na; he gaed awa' frae Glesca a twel'month syne."

"Gone!" said the stranger. "That is most unlucky."

"Weel, that minds me," the woman broke in, "I heard Mrs. Maclauchlan say as how he was back in the toon for a visit, and staying wi' Dr. Moore."

"Ah, that is better! And can you tell me, madam, where Dr. Moore lives?"

"Aye, that I can. He bides in Donal's Land, aff the Can'leriggs."

He thanked her, made a courtly bow, and took his leave. A few steps took them back to the Tron-gate, which they crossed, and up the Candleriggs opposite.

Again they were greeted with the strange cry: "Ho, ho, the Americans!" but their companion took no notice. They were not long in finding the house they were seeking, for the name—Dr. John Moore—was on the door.

On learning that Mr. Watt was within, the stranger took the bag from Bobbie. "One for you and one for your lady," he said with a smile, handing him twopence. "I have given you a longer walk than I bargained for." And nodding goodbye he stepped into the house, leaving the children to do as they liked.

"Come on, Annie," said her brother; "let's go back to the Broomielaw and see the ships. We

left in such a hurry we had no time to see them properly."

They set off down the Trongate, but presently stopped to look into a bookseller's shop. "John Smith & Son", so ran the notice, "sell books, newspapers, tobacco, and snuff." A number of gentlemen were standing about inside, looking at the books, so the children ventured within.

The shelves were lined with leather-bound volumes, great and small. One case bore the label, "Books of the Foulis Press", and they noticed among them the Glasgow *Homer* and other Greek and Latin books, beautifully printed.

A gentleman was turning over the leaves of one of these volumes, when the bookseller came up.

"Well, Dr. Smith," he said, "we are always glad to see you back in Glasgow, and the more so now that your new book is out. We sell a great many of it to your old students and to the merchants. There it is, you see," and he pointed to a pile of books marked with a showcard: "Professor Adam Smith's new book, *The Wealth of Nations*".

"Well," said the other, "I am glad if my Glasgow friends like it, for I could not have written it without the help they gave me when I was in Glasgow. I see you have here a goodly array of the books of the Foulis Press. Poor Robert Foulis! I saw him a few weeks ago in Edinburgh, just before he died."

"Aye, Glasgow will miss him and his brother

badly," said the bookseller. "There is not another printer in Europe could turn out books like those of our Glasgow printers."

Dr. Smith was silent for a moment. Then he picked up a small newspaper from the counter. "The *Mercury*," he said; "that is surely a new paper since I left the town."

"Aye, we have three Glasgow papers now—the *Journal*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Mercury*."

"Look here," whispered Bobbie, "this is stale. Let's get away."

As they turned to go, Annie's eye was caught by the date at the top of the *Mercury*. She pointed it out to her brother—25th August, 1776.

"Well, we know where we are now, anyway," he said, as they stepped into the street. "1776! Why, that's more than a hundred years after Claverhouse."

Glasgow had not been idle in these hundred years. It had again doubled in size, being now a town of about forty thousand people. There were very few wooden houses left, and not a few of the new ones were handsome buildings.

They found their way back to the Broomielaw without any trouble, and were soon watching the men unloading the ship which they had seen come in. She was from Virginia, and was laden with hogsheads of tobacco, which were being hoisted up from the hold. Bobbie was wondering whether he

might ask to be allowed on board, when he noticed a large envelope lying on the quay. He picked it up, and read the address: "To James Watt, Esq., Glasgow".

"Why, the American must have dropped it," he said.

"I tell you what," said Annie; "it must have slipped out of the roll that time he let it fall. Come on, let us take it to Mr. Watt."

Quarter of an hour later they were standing at the door of the doctor's house, telling Mrs. Moore how they had found the letter.

"Dear me!" said the lady, turning it over; "this will be the letter Mr. Vernon has been searching for. Just come upstairs a minute."

She led the way upstairs, and showed them into the parlour, returning a minute later with Mr. Vernon, who was no other than their friend the American. He thanked them very warmly for having brought the letter, which he said was a very important one. The children stammered, and did not know what to say, when Mrs. Moore came to the rescue.

"Come away, my dears, and have something to eat," she said, and took them into another room, where she soon spread before them a tempting lunch of cold meat and tarts. Mrs. Moore could not stay with them, as she had to join her guests in the drawing-room, but she left them under the care of her son John.

John was a boy of fourteen, full of spirits, and very good company. He was a High School boy (or Grammar School, as it was then called), and he kept his guests lively with stories of schoolboy pranks and of the war between the Grammar School and "Hutcheson's".

They had finished their lunch and were chatting away merrily when Mrs. Moore returned from the other room.

"Well, children, if you have finished," she said, "I wonder if you would carry a note for Mr. Vernon?"

Annie and Bobbie were glad to be able to make some return for Mrs. Moore's kindness, and said so as they followed her into the drawing-room.

"Ah, here you are, children!" said Mr. Vernon. "I want you to take this letter to Mr. Glassford, the tobacco merchant."

"Mr. Glassford?" broke in another. "Would it not be better to send your letter to Mr. Cuninghame?"

"As you think best, Mr. Watt," said the American. "Wait a minute, children, while I write another letter instead."

There were three other gentlemen in the room—Dr. Moore, Dr. Adam Smith, and one whom they found to be Professor John Anderson; and while Mr. Vernon wrote, the talk went on.

"I doubt this news means an end to the tobacco

trade," said Professor Anderson gloomily, "and a sad blow to Glasgow."

"An end to the tobacco trade, perhaps," said Adam Smith, "but I don't know about the other. Let the American colonies declare their independence a dozen times, they cannot long be independent of Glasgow. There are more things than tobacco, and they cannot rob us of the Clyde, nor of our coal and iron. Look at the new Clyde Iron-works, started this very year."

"You're right there, Professor," said Mr. Watt. "With coal and iron, and I would add steam, Glasgow and the Clyde have the future in their hands. So you may go on with your classes for working men, John Anderson, and never fear but that Glasgow will have work enough for the skilled workman."

"Perhaps you gentlemen are right," said Dr. Moore, "but there is one thing this Declaration of Independence means: it means war."

"Yes, it means that this war must be fought to a finish," said Mr. Vernon, folding up his letter. "Well, children, here is my letter, and I shall thank you to take it to Mr. Cuninghame. You can't mistake him," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "he's the grandest of the tobacco lords. Anyone will point him out to you walking on the planestanes at the Cross."

They took the letter, and were soon in the street

making for the Trongate. Once there they were no longer in doubt as to who were the "tobacco lords". Dressed in scarlet cloaks, with silk hose and buckled shoes, and with cocked hats set jauntily on their powdered wigs, they paced the "planestanes", or paved way in the middle of the street, as if the town belonged to them. These were no common merchants, and they knew it; they were the merchant princes of Glasgow, for more than half the tobacco trade of Great Britain was in their hands. Among them, it was said, was one of the greatest merchants in Europe.

A passer-by told the children which was Mr. Cuninghame, and they were just going forward with their letter when he called them back.

"Ca' canny, bairns," he said; "can ye no' bide your turn like the rest o' us?"

Looking round, they saw a number of people standing about under the arches that lined the street, each trying to catch the eye of one or other of the tobacco lords. They had no choice but to follow suit, and it was some minutes before they were lucky enough to catch the eye of Mr. Cuninghame.

At a sign from the great man they went forward and handed him their letter. It was now their turn to feel big, for the great man was plainly very much upset by what he read. He read it again, and showed it to some of the others. There was much

shaking of wigged heads, and in the end the tobacco lords hurriedly left the planestanes.

Meanwhile it had leaked out that there was grave news from America. From the talk that the children overheard it was clear that feeling was very hot against the colonists, for the planters who were in revolt owed many thousands to the Glasgow merchants. It seemed, too, that the Glasgow folk thought little of the fighting power of the Americans.

The sound of a bell broke in upon the hum of talk, but was at once drowned in a general cry of "Wheesht! there's Dougal Graham, the bellman." Slowly he made his way along the crowded street, a strange humpbacked figure, ringing his bell and crying, "News frae America. Declaration o' Independence. Council meeting at the Tolbooth."

No man in Glasgow was better liked than Dougal Graham the bellman. They found him half an hour later in a coffee-house in the Saltmarket, where some young fellows were plying him with coffee and getting him to recite his rhymes. For Dougal was an author as well as a bellman. As a pedlar he had followed the army of Prince Charlie, thirty years before, and he had written an account of the 'Forty-Five in rude verse, which had been printed and sold far and wide by pedlars like himself.

To please his friends he now recited the story of how Prince Charlie led his beaten army back to Glasgow:

“To Glasgow they came on the next day
In a very poor forlorn way;
The shot was rusted in the gun,
Their swords from scabbards would not win,
Their count’nance fierce as a wild bear,
Out o’er their eyes hung down their hair;
Their very thighs red-tanned quite,
But yet as nimble as they’d been white;
Their beards were turned black and brown,
The like was ne’er seen in that town!
Some of them did barefooted run,
Minded no mire nor stony groun’;
But when shaven and dressed and clothed again,
They turned to be like other men.”

Dougal acted the scene as he gave it off, till his hearers seemed to see the Highlanders before their eyes.

“Eight days they did in Glasgow rest,
Until they were all clothed and dressed:
And though they on the best o’t fed,
The town they under tribute laid,
Ten thousand sterling made it pay
For being o’ the Georgian way,
Given in goods or ready cash,
Or else to stand a plundering lash”.

Then he told how a fortnight later the Glasgow volunteers met Prince Charlie’s army at Falkirk:

“Our horsemen they fired and turned them back,
The rebels they fired crack for crack,
But the Glasgow militia they gave a platoon,
Which made the bold rebels come tumbling down,
With a fa la fa, lara fa lay”.

As he trolled out the last line, a town officer came in at the door. "Hey, Dougal," he said, "you're wanted to cry the town. The Provost and Council want to raise a regiment o' a thousand Glasgow men to fight the Americans."

The call could not have come at a better moment. With a wild cheer the young men poured out of the coffee-house, and had spread the news before the bellman could begin his rounds. The town was soon in an uproar, and loudest of all were the school-boys.

Annie and Bobbie came upon a company of them drilling outside the Grammar School in Greyfriars Wynd. From the way they went about it you might have thought the Americans were just across the street instead of across the Atlantic. The boys had chosen their own officers, and were obeying the word of command like troops of the line.

All at once a boy burst out of the ranks. "Ho, ho, the Americans; ho, ho, the Americans!" he shouted angrily, pointing at Annie and Bobbie. It was the same boy who had shouted at them when they were with Mr. Vernon, and, though they could not hear what he was saying, it was clear from the angry glances of the others that he was making mischief.

There was a shout of "Catch them! the Yankees!" and the whole company gave chase. Annie and Bobbie turned tail and fled. But which way should

they go? They were in a part of the town where they had not been before. Darting round a corner, they ran full tilt into their friend John Moore, who was bound for school.

"Hullo, what's up?" he asked.

No need to reply, for at that moment the whole chase swept round the corner after them. John stood his ground and flushed scarlet.

"Shame, Grammar School! Show fair play," he shouted. "Who will fight on my side?"

The chase slowed and stopped for an uncertain moment. A dozen or more boys, rather shame-faced, fell out from the crowd and ranged themselves with John Moore. Then with an angry shout the pack surged forward again and joined battle.

It was an unequal fight, for the odds were three to one against John and his followers. But the lane was narrow, and for a while he was able to hold the enemy in check. Bobbie threw himself into the fray, and Annie would have done the same had not John shouted to her to keep away.

But the weight of the attack was too great, and they were slowly driven back. John, however, was a born general; it was a masterly retreat. He chose the narrowest lanes, and at every corner he made a stand. Sometimes he even gained a little, but that was only a ruse.

"Just hold together till we reach Trongate," he

panted to his friends, "and then disperse into the crowd. They'll never get us."

And so with many a twist and turn the retreat went on. Bobbie had a black eye, but he did not feel it. Annie, while obeying orders by not joining the fight, managed to trip up one or two of the enemy, including the boy who had made all the trouble.

They were by this time nearing the Trongate with its crowds.

"Company, are you ready?" John shouted.

One more backward movement.

"Company, break up!"

And they melted into the crowd.

Bobbie had Annie by the hand. "Where is John?" she panted. "We *must* thank him!" They struggled through the crowd after their friend. It grew thicker and thicker. *Clang! Clang!* was that Dougal's bell? How the crowd pressed! *Clang! Clang!* What was it? They looked round. A great electric car was slowly ploughing through the crowd. They were back in everyday Glasgow.

So ended the last of these days in old Glasgow; for with coal and iron and steam, as James Watt saw, modern Glasgow and the Glasgow of the future had begun. The Brownie had kept his promise: he had shown them the rise of the city from the beginning to the present day.

And what of the friends they had made in this last adventure? Adam Smith and his book are known to all the world. James Watt has his statue in Glasgow, and a better monument wherever the steam engine is used in the service of man. Professor John Anderson also has a worthy monument—the Royal Technical College of Glasgow, which rose out of his evening lectures to working men.

And what of John Moore, the High School boy? He, too, has his statue in Glasgow, but not there lies the hero of Corunna.

They buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with their bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast;
Not in sheet or in shroud they wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Annie Brown

Died 5th June, 1911

A sunbeam, for a little while
She turned our dullness into gold.
She chained us with an artless guile,
And ah! the tales we told—

Told and retold them every one.
Her smile was payment without stint;
We thought it would be rather fun
To see her name in print!

And so we planned another tale,
In which herself should have a part;
And gaily did the pilgrim frail
Upon her journey start.

Her journey? She had scarcely passed
“Saint Mungo and the Heavenly Guests”,
When she essayed a bourne more vast,
And now her spirit rests.

H. L.

